575

NEW TALES.

BY

MRS. OPIE.

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595

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Men pleas'd theirselves, think others will delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport.
Their copious stories oftentimes begun
End without audience, and are never done.

SHAKSPEARE.

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NEW TALES.

THE QUAKER, AND THE YOUNG MAN OF THE WORLD.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, which occasions so curious a mixture of heterogenous characters, as travelling in stage coaches, and persons meet there, whom the chances of life could not well bring together in any other place.

A very fine-looking young man, whose dress bespoke him to be a beau of the first order, found himself one day in a stage coach, *tête-à-tête* with an elderly man belonging to the people called *Friends*; or, to speak in a more intelligi-

ble language to my readers in general, with a plain quaker, that is, a quaker dressed according to the strictest rules of the society to which he belongs.

It was very soon evident to the quaker that his young companion was unhappy; and as benevolence was a leading trait in his character, he wished, no doubt, as Sterne says, that it was now as it was in the days of Esdras, and that he could have said to him, "Brother, what aileth thee, and wherefore art thou disquieted?"

But the common usages of society forbade him thus to speak. However, all he could do, he did: he tried to draw him from the indulgence of his own painful thoughts into conversation, and sometimes he succeeded.

The conversation, too, was such as to give each a favourable impression of the other, as they agreed, they found, on some subjects of importance.

While the coach stopped for the coach-

man to deliver parcels, not long after they first set off, a poor lame negro came and begged at the door; and both the gentlemen took out money to relieve him, for Disease really seemed to have marked him for his own; but before any questions could be put to him, the coachman smacked his whip, and there was only time for the donations to be dropped in his hat.

"It is certainly wrong," observed the quaker, "to encourage beggars in general; but this poor man was so evidently diseased, I could not help giving him a little assistance, because thou knowest he may really not be able to work."

"True, sir: besides, he was a black man; and whenever one of that injured race begs of me, I cannot refuse him, because I remember the original cruelty and injustice which probably brought him or his parents into a strange land, and made him an object of charity."

"I sympathize with thee on that subject, and am glad to hear thee admit the poor African's claim to be considered as 'a man and a brother.'" This led to a wide discussion of abolition, emancipation, and so on. Cruelty to animals was next expatiated upon: and as our travellers agreed thoroughly on these subjects, it is to be supposed that each thought the other very sensible and very humane.

The prepossession on one side was soon after considerably strengthened by an accident.—The coachman drove against a post; and before our travellers could get the glasses down, (which the rain had forced them to draw up,) the coach overturned with great violence.

The young man, whose name was Frank Warburton, was not at all hurt himself; but he was much distressed at seeing that the glass had cut open the forehead of the quaker, and on hearing him say, that in falling he had dislocated

his wrist. As soon therefore as they could quit the coach, Warburton mounted one of the horses; and asking where the first surgeon could be found, he galloped off full speed to a distance of near two miles in search of him; while the good quaker looked after him with grateful emotion, and said to himself, "Thou art truly kind, poor youth! and I wish I knew what ails thee!"

Warburton returned at as full speed as he went, and brought word that the surgeon was coming.

"I am obliged to thee, much obliged to thee," said the quaker. "But do sit down. Dear, dear, how ill thou art! I fear thou wilt suffer for thy kindness, and that would grieve me."

The surgeon arrived soon after; and having dressed the wound and pulled in the wrist, the quaker, whose name was John Reynolds, declared himself quite able to resume his journey as soon as the coach was made fit to go in.

"And will you venture in the coach again?" said Warburton.

"If thou dost, why should not I?"

"I, sir, have no reason to fear, as I have escaped so well."

"I ask thy excuse there, for thy turn to be hurt is still to come, and mine is over: but I think the best security for us both is, that the driver's recent accident will make him doubly careful."

"But, sir, will not the jar of the coach hurt your limb?"

"So would the jar of a chaise; therefore I am willing to go on in the coach, as thou art."

"For my own part, sir, I care not how I go," replied the young man, "provided I go with you."

"I thank thee, friend—What is thy name?"

"Frank Warburton."

"Well, I thank thee, Frank Warburton. I do think," he added, looking in the glass, "I have a very warlike ap-

pearance from this patch on my forehead, for a man of my peaceful persuasion:—what will Friends think when I appear at our quarterly meeting to-morrow?"

The coach was now ready to set off, and our travellers proceeded on their journey.

The young man's attention to his companion now became truly gratifying to the latter, and honourable to himself. He insisted on holding up the elbow of the dislocated wrist, in order to keep it steady, and was continually calling out to the driver to avoid the stony parts of the road.

There is not in the daily intercourse of life any charm like attention—and attention in *trifles*; and a heart so given to be kind itself, as that of the quaker's, was formed to feel deeply, benevolent attention from another: and again and again the good man said to himself,

"I wonder, poor youth! if thou needest a friend, and if I could be a friend to thee?"

While these thoughts were passing in the quaker's mind, he sunk into silence; and (as he always did, when not roused by his companion's questions, or his anxiety for him,) Warburton fell into a reverie, from which he occasionally abruptly started; then by throwing himself about, and heaving very deep sighs, he convinced the quaker more than ever that his mind was painfully burthened.

"I will try," thought Mr. Reynolds, "to find out what is the matter with him, and youth is usually communicative."

The coachman now stopped to throw a parcel down for a young woman to catch; but she missed it, and as it fell into the road she took it up quite covered with mud.

"I thought she would miss it," cried

Warburton, with an unusual expression of sarcastic bitterness on his face; "women are always so awkward! they are to be trusted neither in great nor little things:—they are all alike," he added, beating his boots very audibly with a small stick which he had in his hand.

"So so!" thought the quaker, "then a woman some way or other is at the bottom of this kind boy's uneasiness;—then I fear I can do little for him: but I owe him some kindness in return for his, and I will see what I can do." And while he was thus ruminating, Warburton was muttering between his closed teeth, "Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!"

"That Mark Antony was but a silly fellow," observed the quaker smiling; "and thou art but young in life yet, to have had reason to entertain such a low opinion of women as thou seemest to do:—thou must have been unfortunate in thy associations, Frank Warburton?"

"Not more than most other men, I dare say."

"I am obliged to thee, then, for giving me a new cause for thankfulness: for, if association with women gives most men reason to think ill of them, my happier experience has made me value them the more, the more I have known of them; and I think this a favour."

"And so it is. But, sir, if you had ever suffered like me—had you loved, revered a being as I have done, and then been forced to forgo your high opinion of that beloved being, and to find that she whom you thought superior to the rest of her sex, was weak, like the weakest of them,—then, sir, you would not wonder that I execrate the whole sex for her sake."

"Yes, I should; for I always wonder at injustice: and I cannot, to oblige thee, think ill of my mother, my wife, and my daughter, even couldest thou prejudice me against the rest of the sex."

"Your mother, sir! Have you a mother?"

"No, not now."

"And was she a good woman, sir?"

"I believed her so, according to the usual acceptation of the word *good*."

"Believed her so! but was she really good?"

"Yes, in my opinion she was; and I thought her the more so, because she did not think herself so."

"And before she died, sir, she did nothing to forfeit your good opinion?"

"Nothing, but much to increase it."

"Happy you, sir! But do not talk of your mother's goodness to me, sir, as I can't bear it, indeed I can't!"

The good Friend looked at him in amazement, and coolly replied, "I really ask thy excuse; but how could I be aware that I should distress thee, by assurances of my mother's goodness?"

Here the coach stopped, and the travel-

lers alighted. Warburton had always intended to dine at this place, though the quaker had not: however, as he was kindly curious to know more of his fellow traveller, he resolved to dine there also, though his own carriage was waiting for him at the inn. The young man had by this time found that the conversation of his companion was better than his own thoughts, he was therefore very glad of this respite from them; and the dinner meal passed pleasantly away. But the cloth was scarcely removed, and the wine set on the table, when Warburton sunk into reverie again; and starting up, he traversed the room with hasty strides, exclaiming,

"No, I never never will forgive her! I never will see her again while I live! To form such a marriage!...No, it is not to be pardoned! and while I live, I never never will forgive her!" So saying, he re-seated himself.

"Though thou hast not addressed thy

discourse to me, I shall act," said the Friend, "as if thou hadst done so, and reply to it. Thy resolve is a very unchristian one:—And who is it that thou wilt never forgive? Is it thy affianced mistress? has she married another, and forgotten thee?"

"Oh, no! I have no mistress, and never was in love yet."

"Well well, it is thy sister, perhaps, who has married to displease thee, and whom thou wilt not forgive, though thou art commanded 'to be reconciled to thy brother.'"

"My sister! No, I have no sister. The person whom I will never see, and never forgive, is my mother."

"Thy mother!" cried the quaker in a tone of excessive surprise; "poor, unfortunate woman! how ill she must have brought thee up!"

"Sir, I do not understand what you mean by that. My mother is a very

clever woman, and a good woman, sir, and has been a good mother."

"So, then, it is a *good* mother whom thou wilt never forgive? Worse and worse! But I tell thee she has not been a good mother: she has not done her duty by thee, if she has not taught thee, and from the best authority, to forgive injuries."

"She has not taught me to forgive such injuries as she has done my brother and me."

"That is, she has not taught thee one of the first of duties—to honour thy father and thy mother."

"I suppose, sir, you are preaching to me," replied Warburton angrily.

"Yes, according to *thy* ideas of preaching, I am; but not according to *mine*. But come, I am pleased with thy bearing my interference so well; and I really wish to serve thee in return for thy

service to me; so do sit down and tell me thy complaint against thy poor mother."

"Why, sir, she is married! married to a man who was only my father's clerk originally, and then was his partner; a man of no family!—And to think of her giving us such a father-in-law!—a man whom I am sure she could not love. What her motive could be we cannot imagine; but we shall both be of age in two years, and then we mean to leave England, and never see her more. In the mean while....."

"Is she a young woman?"

"Oh no—turned fifty."

"Is her husband rich?"

"Very."

"Is she well jointured?"

"Yes."

"Did she love thy father?"

"Tenderly."

"Is her husband an artful man?"

"No; and till this event my brother

and myself thought highly of him, and he has always been truly kind to us."

"The marriage surprises me. But very likely there are palliating circumstances we know not of. Still its strangeness ought not to lead thee to such undutiful violence against thy mother. Dost thou forget who teaches us to 'forgive our enemies as we hope to be forgiven,'—and is a child not to forgive his parent?"

"Well well, I may forgive her; but I will never see her again."

"Then thou dost not *forgive*. True forgiveness can only show itself by an overt act; and if thou wilt not *see*, thou hast not *forgiven* thy mother. And really I cannot see the great hardship of the case. Thou and thy brother have independent fortunes; and thy mother has married a rich and respectable man, whose only faults are, that he was once a clerk in the house where he is now a

principal; that is, that he learnt his business before he undertook it, and that he is become thy father-in-law!"

"But, sir, for an elegant woman like my mother to marry a man who really is not presentable!"

"Not *presentable!*" what may that be, pray? Dost thou mean not presentable at court? But is he presentable as much as frail man can be in the highest of *all* courts? that is the only important capability—and that thou dost not deny. But keep thy seat, and do not shake thy knee in that unquiet manner. I will tell thee my story in return for thine.—I lost my father when I was about thy age; and he was a father to be proud of, if pride were not a feeling to be conquered: and I had also pride in my mother, and I loved her dearly. I left home about two years after my father's removal, in order to establish some commercial correspondences, when news

reached me from my mother of her intention of marrying Robert Hickman, a man inferior to herself in situation;—an honest man, but scarcely in the line of a gentleman amongst us, and with a large family of children by a first wife! and she added, that she was then going before meetings."

"Shocking!" exclaimed Warburton. "Why this was a worse marriage than my mother's."

"Much worse."

"Well, sir, to be sure you did not forgive her soon, or see her soon?"

"Young man, it never came into my head to conceive it possible that a Christian should not forgive any one; how then was it possible for me not to forgive a parent? And after a few hours of painful reflection, I wrote kindly to her, earnestly hoped that the step which she was going to take would make her happy; and being at Norwich at the time, I

sent her a piece of light-coloured and dark-coloured bombazeen for wedding-gowns."

"Astonishing indulgence indeed, sir! Before I would have given my mother a wedding-gown, I would....."

"Have let her perish, no doubt," replied the Friend, smiling sarcastically. "Well, it was good for the Norwich weavers that I was of a contrary opinion; and I had resolution to return home time enough to be at her wedding: but I must own it was a trial to me, though it was softened to me when I found Robert Hickman had been her first love;—still it was a trial."

"And one no power on earth could have made me to undergo."

"Nor me. The power that influenced me to bear it was *not of earth:* but she was my mother, and I did my best to 'honour her.'—But thou hast yet to hear more of my misdeeds as thou wilt call

them. I had scarcely been settled two years in a business in London, when my father-in-law died, leaving his affairs much disordered, and my mother *his* five children to maintain."

"It served her right."

"Poor thing! she thought so too, I fear."

"Well, what did you do for her, sir?"

"The only thing that I could do. I gave up my own business:—I left London and took the management of her husband's trade and affairs, and I worked to help her to maintain *her husband's children.*"

"No!—did you really?"

"I did."

"Sir," said Warburton, squeezing the good man's hand till he almost made him call out, "I honour, but I cannot imitate you."

"That is unfortunate; for I wished thee to imitate and not honour me:—for

what honour is there due to simply doing one's duty? Honour, indeed! Ah, that is worldly language, and means little!"

"Means little! Indeed I mean what I say; I never say what I do not mean."

"Yes, thou dost; for thou sayest thou wilt never see thy mother, and never forgive her; and yet I dare say thou wouldst gladly go and throw thyself on her neck this moment."

"You are mistaken, sir; though I must own I do not feel as angry as I did."

"Well, I will go on with my story.—I left off at my taking my father-in-law's business.—I was active and cautious, and I restored order to the affairs. In short, we got money: I portioned off two of the girls, put the two boys into trade, and.... But I really am afraid of telling thee what I did by the third girl, thou wilt think it such a high crime and misdemeanor."

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes; for I made her my wife! There was another mis-alliance, thou seest."

"Well, sir, I can only hope that the young lady was deserving of you."

"She is one of the best of wives:—but it is wrong to boast."

"Then, sir, you have been well rewarded for your goodness."

"I wish thou wouldst not use such strong words as goodness in such a light manner; but that is the fault of thy education and thy association with worldlings."

"I am but a worldling myself."

"I know it; and so much the worse for thee:—yet I see much about thee that I like; and now, Frank Warburton, attend to the conclusion of my story. My poor mother after a lingering illness lay on the bed of death; and then it was that I reaped what thou wouldst call the reward of all that I had done for her;—for she thanked me so touchingly, owned her

weakness in marrying, but could not regret it, as it had proved my love for her, and, as she was pleased to say, tried and shown my worth. I will not, cannot, *ought* not to tell thee all she said: but it was sweetly soothing to hear such words from a parent; a dying parent too; and when I looked my last look at her coffin, as the first dust was thrown on it, I turned away with such a feeling of satisfaction here..." (laying his hand on his heart). "Now listen to me, Frank Warburton:—If thy mother were to be suddenly called away, would thy feelings be as comfortable as mine?"

Warburton could not speak; but he laid his head on the table and burst into tears. When he recovered himself, he owned, in the agony of his feelings, that he had written in the first paroxysm of his anger, in his brother's name and his own, a very severe letter to his mother, renouncing her as a parent, and vowing

he would never enter the doors of the man whom she had disgraced herself by marrying.

"Poor thing! how I feel for her! It must be so bitterly painful for a parent to be renounced by a child; and thee, poor rash boy! how I pity thee! If she should fall ill, and if thy letter should destroy her!"

"Sir, if you have any humanity, do not conjure up that horrible image again."

"No, not if thou wilt conjure it away thyself, by writing another and a *better* letter to thy mother."

"I should be ashamed to write such a one so soon after the other."

"No: it is of the *first* letter thou shouldst be ashamed, not of the *second*. Come, write; I beg thee to write: for I tell thee, if thou dost not write thou wilt live to repent it. Suppose thy mother....."

"Hush! do not say that again, and I will do any thing."

Warburton then threw himself on his feelings; blamed his own impetuosity, implored his mother's pardon for the offensive expressions in his last, and offered to come and see her whenever she would receive him. But the good old man could not prevail on him to name her husband, or apologize to him. However, he had done more than he expected, and he tried to be satisfied. "And now," said he, "I do hope thou wilt have no reason to regret meeting with John Reynolds. But whither art thou going now?"

"I am going to a friend's house in the neighbourhood; and I shall come hither again the day after to-morrow to see for letters, and await here an answer to my letter of to-day."

"I shall return hither at the same

time. Shall we dine together, all things permitting?"

"With all my heart; and believe me, dear sir, I can never forget your kind interest in a thoughtless young man like me."

"If thou wert only thoughtless, I should have not taken interest in thee; but I believed there was something in thee that was well worth the trouble of bringing out, and I was not deceived. I have probed thy heart, and I find it sound at bottom. Farewell! we shall meet again, I trust."

They then went their separate ways; and at the appointed time they met again at the inn.

"Well," said Mr. Reynolds, "hast thou any thing new to tell me?"

"No; the post is not in yet. But I can't, I find, have an answer to my last letter to-day, though my mother is only

five-and-twenty miles off: as there is no cross post, the letter must go to London."

"That is a pity, as I should like to have known what her answer was."

The post now came in, and a letter was brought to Warburton. "It is that horrid fellow's ugly hand," said he, throwing it down; "and what can he have to say to me? Why does not my mother write herself? I can't bear to open it."

"Let me see the address. An ugly hand! Thou art fastidious, friend Warburton: it is a very good hand. Perhaps thy mother is ill, and can't write. It must have been a very powerful reason, indeed, to make her allow her husband to degrade himself by writing to thee so soon after thy lowering expressions towards him. Pray open thy letter—I feel anxious."

"And you have made me so."

He opened the letter, and read as follows:—

"Mr. Frank Warburton—Sir,

"I am desired by my dear wife, who has been very ill ever since the receipt of your *terrible* letter (her own word), to tell you that she thinks she is dying; and therefore she conjures you to let her see you as soon as possible: as, though you and your brother (to whom I also write) have cast off your living mother, she is sure you will forgive a dying one; and she has something to impart to you. Be not afraid, sir, that I shall intrude myself into your presence: but I beg you to consider my house as yours as long as you please.

"B. B."

Warburton had not read further than the third line, before he had rung the bell almost off, and desired a post-chaise-and-four to be got ready directly; and then gave way to such a violent paroxysm of feeling, that Mr. Reynolds, used only

to live with persons of subdued emotions, feared his reason was affected.

"O sir! read that," said he, "and be assured that I shall always bless your name. Had I not written to her before I received this, I should have been really distracted."

Reynolds read the letter, and with much emotion. He too then rang the bell; and casting a look of great pity on his agitated companion, he desired the waiter to put a pair of posters to his horses, which were quite fresh, and that would save time.

"I will not, nay I cannot let thee go alone, with thy mind in this state: I am the father of sons, and I know how I should have wished another to behave to a son of mine under such circumstances: so, though thou art a stranger to me, I will be thy companion."

"O sir, you are too good."

"Dear me, dear me—what with thy

ohs and ahs, and thy exaggerated expressions, thou art really a trial, poor child, to my patience. But I can't help liking thee notwithstanding, especially as in all thy violence thou never yet hast taken the great name in vain. Besides, I recollect thou art very young—not a man yet in the eye of the law, thou knowest."

"But I am old enough, sir, to value you as you deserve, and to value also your admonitions; and I will profit by them *if I can*."

"That '*if I can*' pleases me far more than a positive assurance of thy hope to profit by them would have done, as it shows *self-knowledge* and *self-distrust*."

The chariot now came round, with post-horses added to Mr. Reynolds's own young and vigorous horses, and the travellers set off. On the road Mr. Reynolds beguiled the time, and tried to divert Warburton's attention from him-

self, by asking him details of his family, pursuits, and prospects in life; from which he learnt that he was well born, would have a handsome fortune when of age, and that his mother had been only tender and too indulgent.

"Aye, so indulgent that she spoiled thee; and so the order of nature was reversed, and she became subservient to *thee* and not thou to *her*. Poor thing! It is a good proverb—that slaves make tyrants, and not tyrants slaves. Had she properly corrected thee when thou wert young, thou wouldst not have dared thus to reprove and treat her with indignity now she is old. What a pity it is, that mothers will not remember, that though it is sweet to be beloved, love itself is in danger of being worn away, except it is fenced round by well-merited respect."

"Well, sir, my mother might be weakly indulgent; but I assure you she has noble qualities; though I own that

maternal affection has been in her too much of a passion perhaps."

"A *passion!* it had better have been a *principle;* for I see it has ended in mischief and misery, as all passions do."

They were now approaching the abode of Mrs. Blackmore, and Warburton's emotions became almost uncontrollable.

"If I should come too late! if...."

"Still remember thy last letter has been received, and it would serve to heal her wounded spirit."

"Her wounded spirit! Yes—yes—her wounded spirit:—but who wounded it? Wretch! Parricide! Oh!"

"Well, Frank, if thou hast any comfort in calling thyself names, I will not try to prevent thee; but thou art afflicting thyself too soon. And see, convince thine eyes, poor boy! we are driving up to the house; and indeed it does not look like the house of death."

The carriage stopped:—but Warburton could not prevail on himself to speak, or to alight till his kind friend had gone in to ask a few questions. As the servant was long in coming, and the door stood open, the good man let himself out, and met the servant in the hall.

"Thy mistress is alive, I trust?"

"O yes, and better, sir. She thinks *herself* better."

"Since when?"

"Since yesterday, sir."

"Did she get a letter by the post?"

"Yes, sir; and she said, 'This has done me such good!' and she has been better ever since."

Mr. Reynolds, who had quieted Warburton's fears by an encouraging nod as soon as his first question had been so satisfactorily answered, now hastened to the carriage, drawing, as he did so, his hand across his eyes.

"Pshaw!" said he; "I believe thou hast infected me with thy weakness."

"Well, sir!"

"Well, wait a moment. Thy mother is better—Better, it seems, poor fond soul, since she received thy letter."

Here he paused, for Warburton's emotions were now contagious.

"Ah, we parents are sad weak creatures, to have life and death thus seemingly dependent on the caprice of such shatter-brained folks as thou art. But do behave like a man for once—wipe thine eyes and get out."

He then walked into the house: but Warburton sprung after him, and rushed into the left-hand parlour.

"Let thy mistress be told her son Frank is here."

"Now do, Frank, remember, when thou seest her, a sick woman has not my iron nerves; and even those thy violence has weakened a little."

The servant now returned to tell Warburton that Mrs. Blackmore wished to see him instantly.

"What a good thing," thought Mr. Reynolds as he walked up and down the room, "it would have been for that impetuous youth to have been brought up amongst FRIENDS!"

In twenty minutes Warburton returned, but worse than when he went away. He oh'd and he ah'd more than ever. He sobbed, he walked up and down the room, and "I shall never forgive myself!" was all that was intelligible.

"Dear, dear, what is the matter? Is thy mother worse?"

"Oh, no, better!—Oh, I shall never forgive myself!"

"Really, dear boy, thou art quite unintelligible now. First thou couldst not forgive thyself because thou hadst made her ill; and now thou canst not forgive

thyself because thou hast made her well. Do explain."

"I cannot yet;—only that she is the noblest of beings, and I the most ungrateful."

Here he elevated his arms, struck his forehead, and gave way to all that exuberance of feeling, to which persons untaught to subdue their passions, are apt to yield.

"Thou must excuse me, Frank, if I say that, though I never saw a stage-player, I fancy thee to resemble one, for I have seen mummers on stages in a fair. A few tears may be pardoned, nay approved; for we know WHO ONCE WEPT: but these contortions, my good Frank, do put a stop to; and by making only one effort to explain their cause to me, they will be at an end."

Here the door opened, and Mr. Blackmore entered; but started back and would

have retired on seeing Warburton. Warburton, however, would not suffer him; for springing forwards he seized his hand, grasped it to his heart, and with difficulty articulated, "O sir, forgive me!"

Blackmore struggled to withdraw his hand, and said, with deep feeling, "Rash boy! I do forgive you, as you have not killed your mother." He then suddenly left the room.

"So that is thy father-in-law! I liked his letter to thee, but I do not approve his speech to thee; and I agree with thee in nct liking his appearance much."

"O sir, say nothing against him, for I can't bear it. He is the kindest and most generous of men!"

"He! what, that man whom it was a disgrace to thy mother to marry? Frank Warburton, canst thou be talking of the same man to-day whom thou wert talking of two days ago?"

Blackmore now entered again, to apo-

logize to Mr. Reynolds,—whom kindness to his son-in-law had brought thither, he found,—for not having been able to pay him proper attention; but that dinner was nearly ready, and he hoped he would do him the honour of partaking it.

"I shall do *myself* honour, if I sit down to table with 'the kindest and most generous of men,' as thy son-in-law calls thee."

"Does he? Then his tone is a little altered."

"It is:—but as he is very apt to use bouncing, high-sounding epithets; and as he declares himself unable to explain, perhaps thou wilt; for really I am very impatient to know the right, and be able to reconcile contradictions."

"Yes, do explain, dear Mr. Blackmore," cried Frank; "it would be too trying for me to do it; and where you do not do yourself justice, I will."

"It is very disagreeable to talk of one-

self: but if I must I must;—and I must say there is a great deal of fuss about nothing. You may know, sir, perhaps, that I owe every thing to the late Mr. Warburton. He educated me; he made me his clerk; he took me into his business, that of an American merchant; and when he left the business, I became the principal partner in the house. He died about three years ago; and while arranging his affairs I had frequent opportunities of seeing and being with his widow; and though I never then thought of venturing to pay my addresses to her, I became strongly attached to her; and for the mother's sake I loved the children still more than I had ever done—and I had *always* loved them tenderly."

Here he paused in strong emotion, and Warburton grasped his hand, while Mr. Reynolds looked out of the window.

"Time went on. I continued to see Mrs. Warburton, and she could not but

discover that attachment which was so visible to others: but she gave me no encouragement, and I remained silent. Things were in this state when I heard a most painful piece of news. Mr. Warburton had placed his sons' fortunes in the hands of —— and Co. much against my advice, to receive so much per cent. till a favourable opportunity offered to buy into the funds: but when he died, I, as executor, wished to reclaim the money, as I preferred trusting public rather than private security: but I tried in vain to get it back; and this circumstance alarmed me:—for surely, thought I, if these men can't pay back a deposit like this, they cannot be in a very good way: and the event proved I was right; for I was privately informed that in a few months, if not weeks, there would be a crash in that quarter. I therefore went to Mrs. Warburton with these documents; and as her jointure, though handsome for

herself, would be very little when divided between her sons, she was overwhelmed with distress at this utter blight to their prospects, especially as she knew that their habits were expensive, and their ambition great."

"Well, friend Blackmore, go on—Why dost thou pause?"

"Because now I must talk of myself. Seeing her so distressed, I told her that as I owed all I had to her husband, all I had was at the disposal of his children; and that if she would suffer it, I would replace half the money out of my savings, which her sons would lose by the impending bankruptcy, and contrive to do it unknown to them; and to make up to them at my death the rest of their losses."

"And still not one word of thy love?"

"Not one:—it would have been very mean and very ungenerous to urge my suit at such a moment."

The good Friend now rose from his chair, and taking Blackmore's hand said, "I truly respect thee. But what said thy friend's widow?"

"She thanked me, and said all she ought to have said; but owned her pride revolted, and she knew her sons' pride would revolt, from owing such an obligation. In vain I urged and entreated: she was resolute; and I left her, resolving when I was gone to endeavour to disclose their ruined fortunes to her sons, then at college. But to be brief: I now saw an opening for my suit which I had not had before; so I wrote her word, that though as *Mrs. Warburton* she could not accept obligations from me either for herself or sons, yet there was a way to remove all obstacles: and then I pleaded my love."

"And successfully?"

"Yes; that is to say, she owned that she loved the memory of her husband too tenderly to love another man; and

that she had resolved never to marry: but that she would make any sacrifice for the sake of her children; and that she would marry me, as I promised to consider her children as mine: and we were married privately about ten days ago. But delicacy towards me made her resolve to hide even from *them* the *motives* of her marriage. Nor would she ever have told them,—though when she announced it to them Frank wrote that letter,—had she not believed herself on her death-bed; and then to quiet her poor mind I *urged* her to reveal them, to justify herself in the eyes of her rashly-judging children. I have no more to tell. The rest you know; except that the bankruptcy of —— and Co. is in the paper to-day, and that it is feared they will not pay five shillings in the pound."

"Friend Blackmore," said Mr. Reynolds, "give me thy hand again: I do not tell thee, like my friend Frank here, that

thou art 'the most kind and generous of men,' because there may be many such in the world; but I do tell thee that I am glad to have seen thee and known thee, and that, but for private reasons of my own, I would cultivate the acquaintance of thee and thy family."

"And will you not do so, sir?" said Blackmore; "shall we not see you here again?"

"I do not say that exactly."

"Oh, dear sir, my kind friend and monitor, do you really mean to say that our acquaintance is to end here?" exclaimed Warburton.

"See! there he is again with his oh's and his violence. Listen, Frank, I will be very honest with thee:—I have a daughter; and as she is of the Society of Friends, and I wish her to remain so, I do not choose to expose her to the risk of becoming attached *out* of the Society; and thou really art a fine young man,

Frank; and as the father cannot help liking thee, I am wisely afraid that the daughter might like thee still *better*, and *too well*, and *thou her*. Therefore, till Rachel Reynolds becomes Rachel somebody else, or thou art thyself a husband, we will correspond occasionally, if thou wishest it; but not be visiting acquaintances at each other's houses: for it is a maxim with me, that parents should never expose their children to the risk of forming attachments which, when formed, they must in conscience disapprove—And now thou knowest the truth."

"A truth flattering, yet painful, to me, sir: but I hope Rachel Reynolds will soon be no more, and then we may meet."

"But, sir," said Blackmore, "*you* may occasionally visit *us*."

"True; and I will come some day, perhaps, to see thy wife when she gets well again. But now I must prepare to go,

as I have a long journey to take.—But see, who have we here?"

A post-chaise, with four horses covered with foam, now stopped at the door, and a young man, jumping out of it, ran into the hall, exclaiming to the servant, "Am I too late? Is she alive?" Then, on hearing the reply, he uttered, "Thank God!"—and almost staggered into the room; where Frank Warburton, nearly as much affected as his poor brother, led him to a chair.

Charles Warburton had not the gift of tears like his brother, and therefore probably he suffered more.—"O Frank! what I have gone through since I received that terrible letter!" said he, looking fiercely at Blackmore, of whom he took no notice.

"You have much to hear," said Frank, who had observed the look; "therefore let me tell you all in another room." Then

taking his brother's arm, he said to Blackmore as he passed them, "Rely on it, dear sir, he will learn to feel towards you as I do." He then led his wondering and half-indignant brother into the garden.

"How necessary has been, and how salutary will be, the chastisement which these youths have received in the loss of their property!" said Mr. Reynolds: "their pride wanted humbling. What a look did that lad give *thee!*—Is aught composed of frail mortality justified in looking so at a *brother mortal?*"

"My good sir, both these brothers have their weaknesses, but they are really worthy lads onthe whole; and remember, they are very young, and have been much indulged."

"It is kind in thee to remember it, however; and I feel assured that if they can but conquer their pride of heart—and

really I do think poor Frank's is gone already—they will be the better for their late trial."

Before Blackmore could reply, Frank came in to say that his brother wished to see him alone. And the good Friend had the satisfaction of seeing Charles Warburton fly to meet his father-in-law with all the outward signs of reconciliation.

Mr. Reynolds's carriage now returned to the door, but waited till he had dined with Blackmore and Frank; Charles being still too much agitated to sit down to table, as he was expecting every moment a summons to his mother.

"I must go now, indeed," said Mr. Reynolds, reluctantly rising; "but I trust that some day or other we shall meet again in peace and love. Farewell, friend Blackmore; and farewell, dear Frank! and remember that if thou ever needest a friend, thou wilt find one,

in me....But I will write to thee—and once more, farewell."

He departed; and Warburton looked after the carriage with a grateful heart and a tearful eye.

Some letters did pass between them; monitory and affectionate on one side, and respectful, grateful, and confidential on the other.

But both the young men were of age before they saw Mr. Reynolds again; and then he called on them unexpectedly one day at their house in ——, where Blackmore's business was carried on. He was accompanied by his daughter and her husband.

"Well," said he, "as Rachel is married, I am come to see you all; and I have brought her and her husband with me."

Blackmore, his wife, and the two sons, were present when they arrived; and their guests received the welcome which they deserved.

"Oh! I see, sir," said Frank aside to Mr. Reynolds, "that it was for me you feared, and not for your daughter. How beautiful she is!"

"There, there! say comely," he replied; "but indeed I feared for both."

"Well; how goes on business, Frank?"

"Admirably."

Charles and Frank had very properly refused to accept, even from their mother's husband, so considerable a pecuniary donation; but, as their fortunes were much diminished, they wisely resolved to become men of business, and they accepted Blackmore's offer of a share in his. Nor was it unworthily bestowed; for, improved by adversity, and excited to emulation by the conduct and example of their father-in-law, they were remarkable not only for their attention to business but for their skill in it, and for the great prosperity which attended their undertakings.

"Well, all I hear of you, young men, pleases me," said Mr. Reynolds; "and thou art, I trust, friend Emma Blackmore, a happy mother."

"I am indeed: and, believe me, I shall never forget that I owe the first step to my recovery from illness, and misery (as my son tells me), to your kind admonitions to him, sir."

"Not so, I trust: had there not been materials to work with, I could not have worked, thou knowest; and I believe all the service I did was bringing his heart round sooner than it would otherwise have come. Now my next wish is to see thy sons married and settled. Frank smiles and looks knowing—Is there anything of the sort going forward?"

"Yes, sir; your history of yourself was not lost on me in any way, I trust, nor on my brother: for, as you married one of your father-in-law's daughters, we contrived to fall in love with our father-

in-law's nieces; from whose fortunes, at his death, that generous man was willing to take one-half, for our sakes; and as he and my mother are now not present, I will add, that they are well-connected on the mother's side, and, having been educated by her relations, are highly accomplished."

"I shall not take what they are on thy word, Frank, but judge for myself; and I invite you all to pass part of the honey-moon at my house. How truly do I rejoice to see you all once more a family of love!—for widely indeed do we wander from the right path, and the path of happiness, even here, when we give way to the bitterness of resentment, and forget the newest and most alluring of all the commandments—'THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER.'"

INTRODUCTION.

I WAS, dining some years ago at the house of a country gentleman, whose ancestors male and female ornamented the walls around me. Some of them were painted by Van Dyck, Lely, and Kneller; and as I love to look at portraits, I took every opportunity of gazing on them. But my attention was at length forcibly attracted, and as powerfully arrested, by the countenance of a lady amongst them in the costume of Charles the Second's days; though the picture was evidently not painted by the same hand which immortalized his Beauties at Hampton Court.

But I discerned a difference in the

dress of this lady, which I thought an improvement on that of the times, as

> "A modest stole of cypress lawn
> Was o'er her decent shoulders thrown;"

and hanging below the rows of white beads which encircled her beautiful throat, was a large ruby cross.

I could describe her dress, if I chose it, with tedious minuteness: I could also, perhaps, give an idea of the faultless regularity of her features; while the epithet *pearly* might convey to the eye the soft transparent white of her complexion: but her countenance cannot be described —suffice that I found it nearly impossible to divert my eyes from those expressive ones which seemed fixed on mine; and that I soon perceived my host, who was nearly a stranger to me, observed the fascination which I was under, with pleasure and interest.

At length I resolved to ask the name

of this interesting creature:—but it was in fear, lest I should be forced to forgo my enthusiastic admiration by the mortifying assurance that this lady, who certainly looked as if she was *somebody*, had been one of the beauties most admired in Charles's licentious court; and I wished to believe her a being too pure to have breathed so unholy an air. But my fears were vain: for though I heard she was a lady of rank, the name was unknown to me; and I found she had enjoyed no *unbecoming* distinction.

Meanwhile my host continued to regard me with a very meaning countenance; and the more so as he observed that, even to the last moment of our remaining in the dinner-room, my eyes were attracted to this picture; and that while waiting to be led to the carriage in the evening, I stole into the dining-parlour, which opened near the hall-door, to gaze on my favourite again.

But he did not notice my *engoument*, otherwise than by a kind smile, till he handed me into the carriage. He then said, "We shall meet again soon, I hope; for your friends are coming hither to spend a day or two, and they have promised to try to bring you with them—Will you come? I think you will, for that picture will attract you hither; and the original of that picture I will then introduce to your acquaintance."

"The original of that picture!" cried I; "pray explain."

"Not now; come hither again, and I will."

So bribed, I could not refuse; and at some inconvenience to myself, I accompanied my friends on their visit.

Not long after our arrival, my host took me into a room which he called his study, where hung a whole-length picture of the same lady, in a dress resembling that of a nun. But I will not anticipate by

describing her accompaniments, and the back-ground of the painting, which was what is called an *historical* portrait. I also saw hanging on one side of her a whole-length picture of a very handsome elderly man; and on the other side as handsome a young man; while over the door was a head of an ordinary-looking man, in the dress of a common mechanic.

"All these pictures," said my host, "are illustrative of an event in the life of that lady, with whose countenance you are so strongly fascinated; and the excessive interest which she has excited in you, has determined me to intrust into your hands a manuscript relation of the remarkable events of her life, written by herself. They appear to me worthy of being disclosed to the world; though I have hitherto complied with the desire of my parents, (her great-grandchildren,) and shown the manuscript only to very particular friends. But if you think that this little

narrative could be published with effect, and with probable advantage to others, I wish it to be made public; provided that you promise to alter every name in the story, and give no clue to the world to discover who were the real actors in the scenes in question."

With these conditions I promised to comply; and with great eagerness I sat down to peruse the manuscript intrusted to me, especially as my host told me he had another picture of the lady to show me when I had read it.

A perusal of it increased my admiration of that being whose countenance still lived, and still shone so brightly on the speaking canvass. And I venture to give her story to the world, and in her own words too; not without hope that others may be led by the perusal to feel a degree of that interest in it which I experienced myself.

A TALE OF TRIALS;

TOLD TO

MY CHILDREN.

"I WAS born in the year 1642: and I need not tell those whom I address that I am of an ancient family; nor that, as the child of a younger brother, and the eldest of several children, my prospects of fortune were for many years of my life inferior to the advantages of my birth.

"It is equally needless for me to inform them that I saw the light just as the discontents in England were ripening into a civil war.

"But it may be necessary for me to explain even to those who know my father's political opinions, and how devotedly attached he always was to what are now called Whig principles; why,

on the expected execution of his sovereign in the year 1649, (seven years after my birth,) he left England in disgust, and joined his elder brother, a determined loyalist, on the pleasant banks of the Durance.

"It was because my father, though he fully admitted the right of the parliament to depose the king, could not approve the vote for his execution, and not from the influence of personal attachment counteracting the power of principle, but from a deep-rooted opinion which he entertained that allowances should always be made for a being born to sovereign sway, and consequently to the extraordinary temptations and disadvantages inseparable from the situation. He therefore thought that the indulgence due to those errors, the result of a rank in life to which the culprit did not *call himself*, should have led the unhappy monarch's judges to have changed his sentence from death into banishment,

"These sentiments were, unconsciously to himself, encouraged in my father by the quiet, unfelt, but sure influence of my beloved mother; who—being a Provençale by the maternal side, a catholic, and the younger daughter of a Scotch baron, had ideas of the divine right of kings, and of the sacredness of their persons, which even her love for her husband and respect for his opinions could not in any strong degree subdue. Gladly then did she listen to my father's eloquence, when he talked of the *cruel sentence* of the king; while he, delighted to be able to agree with her in one of her political opinions, and gratified by the consciousness of giving pleasure to the woman whom he adored, was continually expressing his disgust at the approaching end of the monarch on the scaffold, till he worked up her feelings and his own to such a pitch of generous indignation on his side, and of loyalty on hers, that he turned indignant

from the apparent approach of republican rules, and hastened with his family to take up his future residence in Provence.

"But in this act of self-banishment from his native land, inspired by generous pity rather than loyal feeling, evaporated all my father's respect to his monarch, and to the cause of royalty; and never again did his beloved wife and he sympathize in any political feeling; for, from the banks of the Durance, and from a country of political despotism, he turned many a longing and admiring look towards the banks of the Thames; and hailed with enthusiasm the power, and the rising fame of the Commonwealth of England.

"He was however quite happy in the bosom of his family, and peculiarly alive to the beauty of the scenery around us. My mother had a great passion for gardens, and she was particularly fond of the cultivation of flowers. Our garden

therefore was really an orange grove, and our grapes rivalled those of the Hesperides. But orange trees and grapes were in profusion, natives of Provence; and in them my mother had therefore only to cultivate the spontaneous produce of nature. But she sighed to obtain also such ornaments for her parterre as art alone could procure her;—and jonquilles and other flowers cultivated for the peculiar gratification of the French monarch, the luxurious Louis XIV., were soon obtained for her by my rich and kind uncle; till our house was literally embosomed in fragrance.

"Alas! she had herself the sweetness and the fading beauty of the fair creations which she cherished; for I had scarcely reached the age of seventeen, when consumption, as usual clothed in the bright tints of still increasing beauty, removed this spotless being to another state of existence, and bequeathed to me the task

of consoling my almost phrensied parent under her loss; and of trying to be a mother to the children whom she had left.

"It is painful indeed to me to recall the excessive suffering of my bereaved father during the ensuing year. But another lamentable event roused him at length from his stupor, for the sake of his family. My uncle, my father's elder brother, with whom we resided, survived my mother only a year and a half; and as my father was his heir, and as the property which he left in England was considerable, both in estates and money, it was judged requisite that my father should go to England to take possession.

"Hope also whispered to him that he might derive balm to his wounded spirit from an entire change of scene; he therefore eagerly resolved to leave that paradise, now become a desert in his eyes; while I reluctantly undertook to

prepare for our departure. Not that I did not welcome the idea of any change likely to restore my father to health of mind; but my affections were engaged to a youth who was a year or two older than myself, whose mother was a relation of *my* mother's, and who lived in Provence with his maternal grandmother, as his father, one of the most devoted of loyalists, had sent his son from Scotland, his native land, that he might be safe from all the perils attendant on civil wars.

"His father was now dead, and those wars were at an end; and Delaval was preparing to return to Scotland, to take possession of his patrimony, when he was detained in France by the illness of his grandmother; and was unable, as he intended, to accompany us to England. This was indeed a trial to us both, as we had never been separated for many years, and were looking forward to an imme-

diate union, when we reached my native country.

"We regretted this separation the more, because my father (who, though he loved Delaval, disliked both his politics and his religion,) wished me to marry a Protestant, and a man of his own political principles: and my lover, though moderate in his opinions, and far from a bigot to his creed, was a loyalist and a catholic. But to me—who, as well as my sisters, had been educated in my mother's religion, and was rather inclined to her feelings of attachment to the Stuarts—my lover's opinions were an additional recommendation of him; and I, like Delaval, was fearful lest my father, who had always given a reluctant consent to our marriage, should be induced to oppose it, if I had an opportunity of marrying in England more to his satisfaction.

"But to part was at that moment

unavoidable, as Delaval could not leave the lingering death-bed of his tender relation; and with an agonizing heart I bade my last adieu to the lamented dead, and to the as tenderly beloved living. Yes, it was by the tomb of my mother that I bade my lover farewell; and before her tomb I renewed my vows of eternal constancy to that lover whose attachment had been hallowed to me by her warmest approbation.

"We left France in the year 1660—the year of the Restoration; and when we reached England and its busy metropolis, we found it a scene of revelry and delight; at least such was the appearance which it exhibited in the circles in which we moved; for every trace of republican and fanatical gloom had vanished, and public and private feasts and rejoicings bespoke the general satisfaction which the restoration of the king had given. London seemed like a widow,

who having been constrained to wear sombre black longer than suited her natural inclination, had, on throwing it off, eagerly clothed herself in every variety of gay and gaudy colours, delighting in entire, and striking contrast of ornament.

"But my father beheld this gaiety approaching dissoluteness, and this courtly splendour succeeding to republican simplicity, with a suspicious and a jealous eye. He loved not such extremes; and finding that certain conditions, on which alone he had hoped the king had been restored, had not even been hinted at before this important step was taken; finding also that the court of Charles the Second was not a scene in which it was desirable for his daughters to move; he resolved, after he had been presented at court himself, to retire into a beautiful valley in Cumberland, where my uncle had possessed an estate; and t

devote himself, in absolute retirement, to the education (assisted by a Cambridge scholar) of my young brother.

"How I rejoiced in this resolution of my father's! because to me the world had no charm, nor indeed any scene where Delaval was not; but in retirement I knew that I should be living for him, if not with him; and that no other object would be likely to come between me and the object of my affection. Still my father would have proved his mind to be in a more healthy condition had he resolved to go at once to his paternal estate in Surrey, which was ready for our reception, and where it was now fitting that he should reside.

"But to Cumberland we removed. And my father found, that, though many beauties of nature surrounded our habitation, the aid of art was wanted to make it comfortable. Rocks and mountains closed us in on every side; and through our lawn

glided the silvery Derwent; while the murmurs of natural waterfalls saluted the ear of the wanderer; and those falls after a few hours of rain, glittered through the trees in the sublimity of mountain torrents. But then few were the flowers that bloomed around us, and not very plentiful or excellent was our fruit; and my father resolved, by expending a considerable sum in hot-houses, and in importing fruits and flowers from the Continent, to make our English residence resemble as much as possible the villa on the banks of the Durance.

"I considered this expensive design as a proof of the restlessness of his mind; but I did not regret its being put in execution, because it gave him occupation, led him to take exercise and to be much in the open air, and therefore did him good; though I could not but perceive that, while putting his plan in execution, he missed the classic judgement and the

tasteful skill of her whom he had lost; and often with tears in his eyes he has asked me, when he had given his orders to the gardeners, whether I thought SHE would have approved of what he had done.

"At length his improvements were finished: and Derwent Dale, as our residence was called, became a bower of sweets, rivalling our French dwelling; while one blooming boy and two as blooming girls, besides myself, gamboled over the smiling lawn, or climbed the frowning rock; and forced my father to look from the painful past to the fair-smiling future; forced him to forgo his melancholy contemplation of the wife whom he had lost, in delightful anticipation of the comfort which he should derive from the children who remained to him.

"But faster than the mists flit away from the brow of the mountain, and scarcely less fast than the torrent de-

scends from the brow of the rock, fled these delightful possessions from the grasp of my father.

"Their mother's malady beamed brightly from the dark eyes of all these precious children, and bloomed on their youthful cheeks; and soon, only too soon, the dark and solemn train of their successive funerals wound along that smiling lawn so lately joyous with their innocent gambols, and formed an overwhelming contrast with the bright and vivid colouring of our house and our gardens.

"A contrast soon insupportable;—for we were now only two solitary, silent, sighing beings, where once the gay and piercing accents of sportive childhood had echoed round our dwelling and in the valley. While nature and art seemed laughing around us in all the varied hues of summer, my father and myself, robed in the sable garb of death and

woe, stalked over the beauteous scene, unconscious of its charms or its fragrance; and, like the statues that adorned the walks, were as incapable of tasting their loveliness, and as unmoved by it, as those marbles shining amongst it.

"'This is not to be borne, Adelaide,' said my father to me at last; 'I cannot stay here, and we must remove into Surrey.'

"To Surrey we went; and glad indeed were we to leave the spot which for ever reminded us what treasures we had once possessed—and possessed no more; for in losing her dear children we seemed to lose their mother over again: and as my father now feared that the air of the North had been too cold for those tender beings, he became doubly watchful over me, and anxious for my safety. But his anxiety was happily vain, as, with the complexion and hazel eyes of my father, I also inherited his robust constitution.

"The seat to which we were now going was the place of my father's birth. When we reached the venerable portal, and passed through a line of servants clothed in deep mourning, and showing by their countenances that they well remembered on what sad occasion they had been desired to assume that dress, my father's grief became incapable of control. Two of the servants had lived there ever since my uncle emigrated to France: the others had followed him thither; had returned with us to England; and had been sent from Cumberland by my father, to prepare every thing for his visiting the abode of his ancestors.

"Never had I seen my father more completely overwhelmed than he was that evening, and he retired to his room as soon as we arrived. This I expected, and rejoiced at, as he was always better for the excessive indulgence of his feelings; and

his mind, as usual, rebounded from the strong pressure of agony to comparative cheerfulness; for, when he appeared the next morning at breakfast, I found him eagerly entering into plans for improving his estate and new furnishing the house; and he was very anxious to know whether he was likely to find agreeable neighbours in the gentlemen and the families around us.

"My father seemed pleased, too, to recollect that we were only twenty miles from London; and I saw that though he chose retirement for the medicine of his grief for the loss of my mother, he was resolved to try to banish his present sorrow by company and amusements.

"He did not, however, find it an easy task to make neighbours and friends of the gentlemen whose estates joined ours; for, presuming on his avowed disapprobation of the death of the late king, which

disapprobation was so strong as to drive him from his country, he thought himself privileged to be occasionally as disloyal in his expressions concerning his living king as he chose. And as our neighbours were chiefly Tories, whose conversation and sentiments were as disagreeable to my father as his could be to them, visiting intercourse was no sooner begun, than it was insensibly dropped again: and if they thought Mr. Falkland a dangerous and disaffected man, he on his side had little doubt but that it was not safe to speak in such company. This impression increased my father's aversion to Tories, and I had the misery of seeing, when Delaval, on the death of his relation, hastened to England, and took up his abode near us, that my father's dislike to *him* as his son-in-law was heightened by the consciousness that he was of the same sentiments as his offending neighbours; and that he thought it very hard the only child now

left to him, should be bent on forming an union which he could on no ground whatever approve:—for I was become a considerable heiress, and Delaval was a man of very small landed property. However, at present, my father behaved to him with tolerable kindness; and though he forbade us to think of marriage while the term of our mourning was unexpired, we felt that prohibition too just, to look on it as an omen of ultimate disappointment.

"But we had more to prognosticate of evil from my father's frequent sneers at our religious belief. Both Delaval and I were at this time seriously studying the evidences for and against our creed. But the moment Delaval fancied it possible that his interest might be unconsciously influencing his convictions, and that the wish to conciliate my father might be the origin of his lately awakened doubts, his scrupulous integrity made him as it were

retrace his steps; and he clung more closely to the belief which before he was on the point of abandoning.

"It was the same with me. The moment that I felt my faith an object of ridicule, and that the laugh which it is so difficult to withstand was directed against me with a view to induce me to abjure my opinions, self-distrust took possession of my mind, and I trembled lest I mistook fear of man for the convictions of conscience. At these times both Delaval and myself used to perform the rites of our own church in the little chapel which my uncle, himself a Catholic, had fitted up in his garden, with more than usual feeling; and the amiable priest who officiated at the altar there, never had the satisfaction of beholding in us such devout worshippers, as after my well-meaning, but in that instance, injudicious parent, had made a recent attack on the folly of our belief. How much

did this remind me of the fable of the Traveller and his Cloak!

"The priest whom I have just mentioned was also an obstacle to any religious change in me. He had been my mother's confessor in her early youth, having been domestic chaplain to her father. He had then become chaplain to my uncle; and when we went into France, in the year 1649, we found him still there, and still officiating at the altar: and his virtues, his unobtrusive piety, and his attachment to my mother, won so much on my father's affections, that when we returned to England, he could not bear to leave the good old man behind, though he was then more than eighty. Nor, in his presence, did he ever in the slightest degree reflect on the Catholic religion: and as he was every day apparently nearer the close of his blameless life, I as well as Delaval shrunk from

wounding, by our recantation, a heart that loved us.

"In the meanwhile my father, being disappointed of neighbours in the country, invited guests from London; and the repose of our new abode, which both Delaval and myself so highly valued, was only too often destroyed.

"To me the society of my lover and my father was sufficient for my happiness. I not only loved my much-tried parent because such was his relationship to me; but I was proud of his talents and his virtues, and I hung with eager and desiring ear on every display of his uncommon eloquence: though I must own that when his eloquence was displayed on political subjects, I trembled lest what he said should be repeated to persons in power, and that he should make himself liable to suffer from the arm of authority. Indeed, I have never known a more ac-

complished person than my beloved parent.

"In beauty of form and face he had few, if any competitors. He had a greater command and choice of words than any one with whom I ever conversed, and his mind was stored with elegant as well as useful learning.

"He was a considerable proficient in the scientific part of music, and an excellent judge of the practical; and he was one of the best swordsmen of his time.

"But, alas! grief had a visible effect on this usually active man, and powerful mind; and, as I before observed, Delaval and I soon saw how much that mind was unhinged, by the comparatively frivolous pursuits in which he tried to lose his sense of unhappiness.

"My father was resigned in one sense of the word, because he was a Christian,

and could in sincerity of heart repeat, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done!' But he was not enough of a practical Christian to endure in unresisting silence and calmness the privations which had befallen him. Hence a constant restlessness, a constant want of excitement, led him to squander money in building, planting, making shrubberies and hot-houses, and in filling his house with very expensive guests. It was indeed a respectable sort of dram-drinking;—still it was a species of intoxication; and Delaval and I could only reconcile ourselves to its mischievous effect, both on my father's character and his fortune, by reflecting that the misery of his mind might have taken another turn, and led him in its diseased state to more dangerous remedies, for he might have really drunk and he might have gamed.

" 'There is one remedy, dear Ade-

laide,' said Delaval smiling, 'which he may yet take, and which, for selfish reasons, I should much prefer.'

"'What is that?'

"'He may fall in love, and marry!'

"'And can you,' replied I indignantly, 'who loved and revered my incomparable mother, wish her husband to marry again?'

"'Yes, if he gave her a proper successor; for then I might hope to call you mine, Adelaide, with absolute certainty. You would no longer be an heiress, as your father would probably have other children; and with the independent fortune which is yours in right of your mother, and my little property, we should not indeed be very rich, but we might be very happy, and on the banks of the Durance, where we first learnt to love, dearest girl!'—

"On the banks of the Durance! Would you then wish us to leave En-

gland, and live separated, perhaps for ever, from my father?'

"Yes; but not till you were no longer necessary to his happiness:—not till he had a wife and children, Adelaide.'

"'And can the time come,' said I, bursting into tears, 'when I can be no longer necessary to his happiness! He who is so kind, so fond, so good a parent!'

"Nor could the proof which Delaval had just given me of disinterested love, remove the sense of pain by a sense of pleasure. Delaval, who had raised the storm, could alone allay it: and to do him justice, there was no soothing that the most tender affection could suggest, which he did not exert to calm my wounded feelings. And he at length succeeded: but with his presence vanished my recovered composure; and when I retired for the night I felt as if about to be bereaved of my dearest rights and possession—my father's exclusive

love. But as I loved another,—why should not he? And I was at last forced to come to this conclusion, As I was amply provided for, and his marrying would not cast me forth to seek a home or a maintenance, I had no right to repine at his forming a second connexion, provided that it was one worthy of him; while the thought that such an event would ensure my immediate union with Delaval, reconciled me at length to the probability which had at first so cruelly overwhelmed me.

"It was now the year 1662; and we heard that preparations were making in the metropolis to receive the queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, who, accompanied by the Earl of St. Albans and others, was coming over on a visit to her son.

"I listened to this, apparently, unimportant news to me with perfect composure: and no beating of my heart, no trembling of my limbs, as if in warning

and foreboding, blanched my glowing cheek and suffused my eyes with tears! Then there can indeed be no such thing as presentiment; else the tidings of this arrival, so big with fate to me, could not have been heard by me without overwhelming emotion!

"The queen-mother at length reached London; and in her train *seemingly*, came a Madame du Vernis, her daughter, and her brother the Marquis de Mérinville. These persons brought letters of recommendation to my father from an English friend of ours, who had known them abroad, and received civilities from the marquis; which civilities, alas! he thought he could not repay better than by giving the travellers an introduction to my father and myself.

"The letter to my father announcing the letter of introduction, which we had not yet received, was filled with praises of the beauty, grace, and accomplish-

ments of the mother and the daughter. Monsieur du Vernis was not of the party, it also stated, because he had an office about the court which did not allow of his absence.

"I was struck with the expression of pleasure which overspread my father's countenance when he read this letter, and at the satisfaction with which he desired me to get the best apartments ready for these foreign guests :—'For,' said he, 'Adelaide, I shall invite them hither directly. And,' added he after a pause, 'I think that the civilest way will be to go to London myself, and bring them down with me.'

"'Must I go with you, sir?' said I.

"'No, that is not necessary; but I wish Delaval to accompany me, as you are here without a *chaperone*, Adelaide; and I mean to return with my guests immediately if I can.'

When Delaval and I were alone toge-

ther, I thought he wore a pensive air: and on asking him the cause, he replied, 'In the first place, I do not like leaving you:—in the next, I do not like the idea of these foreigners coming hither. Your father's friend who recommends them is, I know, a thoughtless man; and I must venture to say, that I think your father equally thoughtless in inviting persons of whom he knows nothing, to be residents at his house, and under the same roof with his daughter. Poor man! I see that he catches eagerly at any thing that may divert his mind from his trials. But sure am I, that if that mind had not lost a little of its original delicacy, and discrimination, by the destroying touch of suffering, he would not have so immediately decided to offer French persons, though of quality, a residence under his own roof in these perilous times.'

"I agreed entirely with what Delaval said, and listened to him with much

painful foreboding, assuring him that I should anxiously expect to receive his opinion of our intended guests.

"The next day the letter of introduction arrived, inclosed in a most elegant one from Madame du Vernis: and my delighted father set off with Delaval, in his post-coach-and-four, the next day, to London. Oh, how eagerly did I expect a letter from Delaval! It came; but, alas! it told me nothing. My father did not ask him to accompany him in his visit to the ladies and Monsieur de Mérinville; and he feared that he should not see them at all till they were on the road into Surrey. 'Nor,' added he, 'shall I see much of them then, as I find that I am to ride down a new lady's horse, which your father has just purchased for you.'

"It might be weakness, perhaps; but I was sorry to see my father set off in such a style for London, with a view to bring down these strangers in his own

carriage-and-four; because I thought that, if they were not upright and honourable persons, they might be induced, by the appearance of opulence which he thus exhibited, into forming designs on him which otherwise they might not have thought of; as I knew that, in France, persons except of very high rank did not travel in a style like that of my father. But I reproached myself immediately for what might be very unworthy suspicions, and tried to banish them from my mind.

"That day I received a letter from my father, saying that he should return the day after the next, and bring with him guests that a monarch even, might be proud to entertain;—guests that he was most happy in being able to remove far from the corrupt air and detestable influence of the court of Charles Stuart.

"I was sitting in mournful con-

templation over this characteristic letter, when the good old priest entered the room, who eagerly demanded when my father was to return, and who his expected guests were.

"I told him.

"'Are they Catholics?' said he.

"'No doubt,' replied I; 'as they come in the train of the queen.'

"'*Bon!*' was his only answer, for that was nearly enough for him; and he withdrew contented. But not so did he leave me.

"My father's letter was short, but very expressive. His triumph, however, in bearing off these delightful guests from the contamination of the court, I could not understand; for I found it difficult to believe that, if they had been commanded into the court circle they could have refused to go.

"Long and heavily passed the succeeding day. But on the morning of that

on which I was to expect the party from London, I was agreeably surprised at finding Delaval in the breakfast-room when I came down: and though his countenance was evidently grave, I was alive at first, only to the joy of seeing him. But the thoughtfulness of his air soon recalled me to the consciousness that he had something unpleasant to communicate; and I begged him not to keep me in suspense.

"'Though I rose very early," said he, 'in order to get hither before them, I have little to say, except that I have seen this Frenchman and these French women, and that I do not like them.'

"'Indeed!"

"'That is,—I do not approve them. I suspect that both the mother and daughter are as artful as they are beautiful; and that de Mérinville (who is very handsome, very clever, and very insinuating) will be, O dearest Adelaide....

Mérinville will be very soon your declared lover!'

"'Well, if he be—What then?'

"'What then!...Your father may be induced perhaps to favour his suit;—not because he is, they say, a marquis of some property, and of a very ancient family in Britanny; but what will have more weight with your father, and make him still more hostile to me, is, that he professes himself to be come hither with a full intention of abjuring the errors of the Catholic faith; and he also professes himself a foe to the despotism of his own country.'

"'Let him,' replied I tenderly; 'he will not thereby lead me to abjure my love for you, Delaval; nor will I ever marry without my own approbation, though I will never marry without my father's: therefore, if it be fear of my giving you up that makes you thus uneasy,

I beg you to fear no longer....But do describe the women to me.'

"'I cannot. Your father took me with him to call on them the morning after his first introduction; and though he absolutely raved about the beauty of both, and the grace of Madame du Vernis, I found he had scarcely done them justice. Madame du Vernis is so young-looking, said he, 'that she seems like her daughter's elder sister. Her eyes are dark, bright, and penetrating—I might call them inquiring and examining eyes;—her features regular, and her mouth and teeth perfection. Her figure very tall and commanding, and her arms finely formed. But I think the greatest, the most dangerous charm of all is her manner, which is at once graceful and dignified—full of self-respect, yet insinuating; and could one divest oneself, which I could never do, of her every look, gesture, and word

being the summit of art—I should think that no disengaged man could resist her power, whom she was resolved to charm.'

"'Then you think you are safe, Delaval?'

"'Think I am safe, Adelaide! *Think* only that a man who loves you, and is beloved by you, can be in any danger from another woman, and that woman a *wife!*'

"'Well, well, you have however said enough,' replied I, 'about the mother; now go to the daughter, if you please.'

"'As far as appearances go, the girl Adrienne is very pretty and very *agaçante;* so much so, that till her mother gave her (unobserved as she thought) a very significant frown, her *agaceries* were addressed to me. But the young lady, who is quick at taking a hint, averted her eyes directly from my observing ones, and confined all their tenderness during the rest of the visit to your unconscious father.'

"'My father!'

"'Yes; rely on it that is the game to be played. But he is in no danger, for he considers all her attentions merely as those of a fond child; and there is a noble unconscious simplicity in his manner of receiving her endearments, which it was gratifying to me to witness. Your father is yet too young to be in danger of being caught by a girl of fifteen; were he ten years older, he might be in danger, perhaps. Still, come what come may, I wish Neville had not been weak enough to give them letters, and that your father had given himself time to know them all three before he invited them hither; for I think both the brother and the sister are calculated to gain ascendency over an artless unsuspecting man like Mr. Falkland:—and though I am sure his admiration of Madame du Vernis is now, and always will be, wholly free from any alloy of criminal passion,—ascendency is

ascendency, Adelaide; and while the artful brother flatters your father's passion for making converts, by drawing him into argument, in which he always is victorious, as the marquis admits,—the sister entrances his very soul by her consummate skill as a singer, and her performances on different musical instruments: and I repeat it, Would they had never been introduced to Mr. Falkland!'

"The party arrived time enough for a late dinner; and I received them with a degree of trepidation which Delaval in vain endeavoured to check, and which was painfully increased by the stern glance that my father gave him on entering, as if he disapproved his being with me before the rest arrived.

"I therefore performed the ceremony of welcome very ill. But it was impossible for Mr. Falkland's daughter not to please his adulatory guests; and I heard Madame du Vernis say aside to my father, 'You

did not say too much; she is beautiful, graceful! Ah! you are a happy father indeed!' Madame du Vernis spoke in English to my great surprise,—and *well* too: while the imperfection of her accent only seemed in her a grace the more;—for never yet did my ears drink in so sweet and persuasive a voice. Delaval had not prepared me for this charm in her, one of the greatest charms possible in my estimation; and I must own that before the first course was over, her beauty, her voice, her grace, and her flatteries had such a magic power over me, that I became thoroughly enchanted by her; and though glad that Delaval thought of her as coldly and as ill as he declared himself to think, I was mortified to find him so deficient in taste. Adrienne, though very pretty, appeared to me insipid though artful, and too weak to be able to disguise her art: not so her mother. And believing from my confidence in De-

laval's penetration, that those soft attractions which looked so like natural feeling in Madame du Vernis, were in reality as artificial as those of Adrienne, I could not help comparing them to an artificial rose, and rosebud. The rose is often so well done, that it is mistaken for nature; and the deception can only be discovered by the inferior formation of the bud. But for the daughter's being so evidently artificial, the mother might have passed for natural. But the rose-bud, as I said before, detected the rose. Yet how unwillingly did I allow my judgement to correct the impulse of my feelings, and even of my taste! And while I gazed on this syren with admiring eyes, and listened to her melting accents with eager attention, my father regarded me with a look of marked approbation.

"Once, after looking at me for some time, she turned to my father, and said in a sort of whisper, '*Mais en verité*

c'est la ressemblance la plus parfaite que je n'ai jamais vue!*' My father looked pleased, and said, 'Adèle, Madame du Vernis thinks you are the very image of me.'

"'I am glad of it, sir,' replied I; 'I am proud of being reckoned like you.' And well I might; for my father, as I have before observed, was one of the handsomest men of his time.

"'What did you call Mademoiselle Falkland?' said Madame du Vernis in rather a faltering voice. 'Adèle. Her name is Adelaide, but I call her Adèle because it is shorter.'

"'Adèle,' echoed the lady; 'I hope in time to be permitted to call her Adèle myself: for I had once a daughter beautiful as she is, who bore that name!'— Here she drew her hand across her eyes. 'Then if it soothes you, dearest ma-

* But indeed it is the most perfect resemblance that I have ever seen.

dam, call my daughter Adèle your daughter Adèle,' replied my father with sympathizing emotion. 'Thank you!' she answered; 'it would be happiness indeed'—and she raised her eyes to his as she spoke—'to be the mother even in fancy of your daughter!' I was not aware of the double meaning of this speech, nor my father; so the flattery was lost on him. But the truth was, that Madame du Vernis was wretchedly married; therefore to be the mother of Mr. Falkland's daughter, *alias* his wife, would indeed be happiness to her:—but I was deceived, and took the whole compliment to myself. De Mérinville could not let this opportunity pass of paying me a compliment himself; and he exclaimed with affected feeling, in his own language, 'You, Angelique, might think it a happiness to be the mother of Mademoiselle, but I should now feel it misery to be her uncle.' 'I see that already, my dear brother,' replied his sister archly; and

Delaval and myself exchanged looks of alarm at observing that my father seemed pleased by these speeches.

"But the little Adrienne now thought that she had been in the back-ground too long; she therefore rose, and coming round from the other side of the table to where my father sat, she made herself room on the corner of his chair; and while he fondly threw his arm round her, she held his hand to her side, as if to make the embrace closer; and then she looked up in his face with such an expression of tenderness—'Foolish child!' said my father. And the mother said softly, as if she was thinking aloud, and looking at Adrienne, '*Mais c'est une passion! absolument c'est une passion**!' 'Nonsense!' said my father laughing, and wholly blind to what was going on. Delaval could not behold this scene of artifice, though it was utterly fruitless, without consider-

* But really it is a passion;—absolutely it is quite a passion.

able indignation; and as, when unperceived by her mother and uncle, the young lady had made some tender advances to him, he determined to put a stop at present to her tutored attack, and prove to the brother and sister that he saw through their manœuvres. Drawing near Adriènne, therefore, he took her disengaged hand, and softly whispered that 'he could not bear to see her express such fondness for another man in his presence.' The bait took. As the fine lady in the fable re-became a cat at sight of a mouse, so the young Adrienne forgot to make love to an elderly man as soon as a soft thing was said to her by a young one; and for a time nature prevailed over art. Adrienne forgot her instructions; and gradually as Delaval's looks became more tender, and the pressure of his hand more frequent, she got nearer and nearer to the edge of the chair, and further from my father, till she glided into a chair next Delaval.

"Delaval had now gained his point—He had unmasked hypocrisy. But he had better not have done it; as I saw by the kindling eyes of the brother and the sister, that this little proof how well he understood their designs, made them Delaval's instant enemies; and it certainly stimulated them to get rid as soon as possible of so quick-sighted an observer.

"My narrative would extend to volumes, were I to describe the absolute sway which this most bewitching of women gradually gained over my father. To be brief, I shall pass over two months of their residence, nor dwell on the various talents possessed by this uncommon woman, but proceed to that unhappy day when De Mérinville first dared to profess for me an ardent attachment—dared too to add, that he had my father's sanction for addressing me. ''Tis false,' cried I, thrown off my guard by an assertion too agonizing for me to believe till I could doubt no longer: 'My father could

not do so cruel and dishonourable a thing; for he knows that my affections and my hand have, even from earliest youth, been given to another with the warmest approbation of my beloved mother, now a saint in heaven,—and without the disapprobation of my father himself!'

"'But even you do not believe, beautiful Adelaide,' he replied, 'that it was with your father's approbation: therefore, now that a man whom he is so kind as to approve solicits your hand, it is very natural that he should resolve to dismiss your other lover.'

"'Natural! natural!—that my father should wish to tear me from a man whom he knows, and has long known, and wish to give me to one of whom he knows nothing; a foreigner too, and the acquaintance of yesterday? No; spells and philters could alone account for such an infatuation.'

"'If spells and philters are so powerful,

and have been exercised on him, would they could be exercised on you also, adorable Adelaide!' cried he: 'but never, never will I give up my hopes, and my pretensions—never will I cease to urge my suit.'

"'Never will I listen to it, however,' said I, attempting to leave the walk in which he had met and detained me. But seizing my hand, and grasping my gown so closely that I could not move, he fell on his knees, while I vainly struggled to free myself and escape. At this moment Delaval appeared in sight; and seeing my forcible detention, rushed towards De Mérinville; and commanding him to desist from his violence, in an instant freed me from his unwelcome grasp, and received me faint and trembling in his arms.

"'You shall answer this impertinent interference to Monsieur Falkland, sir,' said the marquis, with the look of a fiend.

"'I would rather answer it to you, sir,' said Delaval.

" 'He will tell you, sir,' said the marquis, 'that you have presumed to invade his rights—the right of disposing of his daughter.'

" 'And I will tell him, sir, that he has invaded mine; that his daughter is my betrothed wife; and that nothing but an act of baseness and oppression can separate two beings engaged to each other by the tenderest ties, even before they knew the nature of the feeling which united them.'

"While this was passing, we were, though we knew it not, overheard by Angelique, who immediately running to my father, with crocodile tears repeated all Delaval had said, and entreated him to hasten to the elm walk to prevent bloodshed; as Delaval, by accusing my father of '*baseness* and *tyranny*,' had so enraged her brother, that she did not know what the consequences might not be;—and, unfortunately, my father came while I, overcome with alarm for the future,

and agony at the present, was still leaning on my lover's shoulder for support. On seeing this, he flew towards us with an uplifted arm, and, but for the interference of Angelique, would, I believe, have struck the agitated Delaval: but she caught his arm ere it fell; and I, aware of what he felt, withdrew myself from Delaval's embrace. But it was to precipitate myself in it again with all the phrensy of despair, when my father, with the look and manner of determined hostility, solemnly declared, that only on pain of his *malediction* should I ever be the wife of Delaval; and commanding him from his presence and mine, at that moment, and for ever!

"Never shall I forget Delaval's look of woe at this moment. But he saw that opposition or remonstrance then would do harm rather than good, and prepared to obey in silence. I, however, was not so judicious, but rushed impetuously into his arms; and as I held him, it seemed as

if I meant that nothing but force should part us. But before that force had had time to exert itself,—for even my father was awed by the wan despair of my countenance, — I myself relinquished my phrensied grasp, uttering, as I did it, an almost inarticulate farewell—'Farewell!' repeated Delaval; 'my Adelaide, farewell, my wife!'

"'Yes,' replied I, summoning up all my energy, '*your* wife, or the wife of *no* one.'

"'Lead her away!' said my father to De Mérinville, who approached to take my hand. On seeing which, Delaval sprung forward, and giving him a blow, at the same time snatched my hand from him, and striking the hilt of his sword, said in a low voice, 'You understand me, sir: I shall be in the neighbourhood;' and then instantly disappeared. While I, nearly sinking under this new alarm, was obliged to accept the arm of Angelique.

" 'Mark me, Monsieur De Mérinville,' said my father, 'I will have no fighting—no duelling about my daughter. Leave this hot-headed young man to live, and chew the bitter cud of repentance for his impertinence and violence. I shall consider it, sir, as a personal affront to me, if Miss Falkland's name be ever mentioned as the cause of quarrel or bloodshed between two impetuous young men.'

" 'I shall obey you, sir, though unwillingly: but I beg you to believe, that I could not give you a stronger, because I could not give you a more trying proof of my respect both for you and Mademoiselle.'

"Still my father as well as myself thought he only said this to quiet the apprehensions of us all: for my father especially found it impossible to believe that a gentleman of rank could so tamely submit to the indignity of a blow, and from a rival too, without resenting it; and I was of the same opinion: and

having obtained leave to retire to my own room as soon as I reached the house, I passed the rest of the day in bed, vainly trying to tranquillize my terrors by prayer, and commending my endangered lover, as I thought him, to the protection of Heaven. I was, however, a little encouraged by seeing the composure of Madame du Vernis, who, with well-dissembled interest, came several times to my bed-side to inquire concerning my health; and lamented that the happiness of her brother and of that interesting young man Monsieur Delaval were *incompatible*, as she must ever feel great interest in and pity for his hard fate.

"The next morning I rose early, and went in search of the butler, who had been an old attached servant in my mother's family, and who, I well knew, was an anxious and alarmed spectator of all that was going forward. My errand to him was to discover for me whether De-

laval was still at the cottage at the Park-gate, which he had hired; and whether there had been any communication between the marquis and him.

"He did inquire; and the result of his inquiries was, that Delaval was still there, but that he and the marquis had had no communication either by word or letter. And after waiting three days in vain for a summons to meet the marquis, Delaval set off for London, sending me a note of adieu by the old butler.

"This note I was in the act of receiving as Angelique and Adrienne entered the hall in which we stood: and I have reason to believe that they informed my father of it; for not long after he called me to him, and desired to know whether Delaval had presumed to write to me since he had positively forbidden our union, and even our future intercourse.

"'He has ventured to write me a note of farewell,' replied I.

" 'Let me see it!' said my father. And not unwillingly I gave it into his hand; as Delaval most feelingly lamented his having become so hateful in the eyes of my father, a man whom he must always revere, and all for the sake of one who had not even courage and love enough to risk his life for me, as he had not even spirit enough to avenge his own wounded honour. He then very pathetically alluded to my beloved mother; and declared that his regret, his disinterested regret for her death, was so great, that he did not think any thing could ever have increased it: but that now he regretted more than ever the loss of that constant and consistent friend as she had ever been to him, whose gentle and virtuous influence would now have been successfully exerted in his favour, and for the happiness of her only child.

"Having given this note to my father, I left him to give way unobserved to the

felings it might occasion him. But alas! in vain: Angelique broke in upon him, before he had quite finished reading it; and her presence counteracted all the good that might have resulted from it. Nor, as I afterwards found, were her comments wanting to increase the mischief of her presence: and when I returned to my father, he said to me with some sternness of manner, 'If, Miss Falkland, you keep up a correspondence with Mr. Delaval, my forbidding him to see you was wholly unavailing;—I therefore now, in express terms, forbid your correspondence. Who, madam, was the agent on this occasion?'

"'Manrell gave me the note, sir.'

"And my father rang for him.

"When he entered, my father sternly asked him, 'how he came to be the means of a correspondence so offensive to him?'

"'I do not consider myself as such,

sir,' replied the old butler; 'and Mr. Delaval respects me and my duties too much, and so does Miss Falkland, sir, to require any such service of me. He told me the note, poor young gentleman! was to be his last; 'For, Manrell,' said he, 'I value you, and I know your principles too well to wish you to violate your duty to one of the best of masters, by asking you to do what he disapproves; and this note he and all the world may see.'

"My father looked rather ashamed; but I saw a sneer on the face of Madame du Vernis, as she observed, in French, 'that was speciously said by Monsieur Delaval; no wonder it imposed on the good old man.'

"'Speciously said!—Delaval speak speciously!—Delaval mean to impose on any one! And do you say this of *him*, before *me*, madame?' I exclaimed, my face on fire and my eyes sparkling with indignation.

"Before she could reply, my father approached me, and in a lowered but distinct tone, said, 'Command yourself, Adèle; nor presume to answer in such a tone, and with such looks, a lady whom I so highly regard, and a guest to whom every respect and hospitality are due.'

"'Then why, sir, did this lady presume to accuse the man I love and honour—the man my blessed mother taught me to love and honour—of meanness, which his noble nature is incapable of?'

"'Adèle, you forget yourself—leave the room; your temper is sadly changed, child.'

"'Would that my temper, sir, were the only thing changed here!' replied I. 'Oh! my beloved mother, wert thou but living, Delaval would not have been banished from this house, and your poor child forbidden even to see him.'

"I saw that this mention of my mo-

ther's name had a softening effect on my father's feelings; but he endeavoured to hide it. He however returned me Delaval's note, saying, 'it was well and artfully written, and the young Tory knew what he was about. But he forgave it, as it was to be the last.'

"'Artfully written!' cried I; 'that observation is not your own, sir. It has been instilled into you.'

"'Leave the room this moment!' reiterated my father.

"Used to submission, and almost terrified at such an unusual exertion of spirit, I burst into tears of mingled anger and distress, and obeyed him in silence.

"Three days of gaiety and company from London succeeded to this; and we had a dance one evening, consisting of as many couple as my father could assemble; and I was forced to begin it with the odious marquis. My father, too,

much to my annoyance, danced himself after supper with Madame du Vernis, and even with Adrienne.

"After the company was departed, and we were left to our family party again, that restraint which our guests had removed in some measure, most painfully returned: but my father was so completely absorbed in listening to Angelique when she sang or played, in hanging over her when she drew, or in accompanying her on my horse over the grounds, that I was allowed what I valued—the luxury of solitude; and whether in my room or in my walks, my reveries were as yet not interrupted. One day, as I was walking along a path which was only divided from the public road by a hedge, I was startled at a rustling in the branches; and instantly I saw a stone fall at my feet, round which was tied a piece of writing paper.

"I could not doubt but that this was

meant for me; and hastily untying it, I eagerly perused its contents. The hand was unknown to me; but I could not doubt that Delaval was the prompter of the communication. It assured me 'that Angelique and her brother were spies of the government; that my father had become suspected of disaffection, from his very unguarded and even ferocious mode of expressing himself concerning the king and his ministers; and that if he did not stop the communications of the brother and sister, by marrying Adrienne, there was little doubt but that my father's liberty might be in danger;—that De Mérinville was a marquis, and of old family; but had squandered his fortune in worthless pleasures, and had been forced to leave his country for a while, from being suspected of circulating false money;—that Madame du Vernis was his sister, but only the natural child of his father; and that her history should

be sent me when fully ascertained; and that then I should be desired to show it to my father.'

"I will not attempt to describe my feelings on reading this. Hope and fear struggled in my heart for mastery: but so sure was I of my father's even chivalrous devotion to Angelique, that I was convinced if my correspondent continued an anonymous one, he would treat all he said with abhorrence and contempt.

"Still I could scarcely be easy in mind without imparting what I had already heard to my father. However, there was one person to whom I could communicate it, and that was the good old priest; who, though he had been charmed at first with the manners of the foreigners, and by the ladies' attendance at chapel, was soon distressed at witnessing my father's evident devotion to them, forgetfulness of others, and banishment of Delaval; and still more by their present

remissness, and total neglect at last of the duties of the religion which they professed.

"The good old man wept tears of joy at the idea of their being at length unmasked; and I tried to be as sanguine as he was: but very advanced age is returned into the sanguine expectations of childhood; and early life, when it is no longer in the first bloom of budding youth, is acquiring fast the distrust of middle age. The octagenarian was old enough to hope for what he wished—the girl of twenty was young enough to fear disappointment.

"Another week elapsed, and I received no second letter, though I walked on the spot every day where I had received the first; and I was the more distressed and disappointed at not receiving it, because the odious marquis, knowing now where he was sure of finding me at a certain hour, contrived to join me in that walk

every day, and persecute me with his detested addresses.

"At length I again heard a rustling in the hedge; and again a stone, covered as before, dropped at my feet. But just as I had begun to read the paper, the hated De Mérinville, with a countenance full of sarcasm, seized my arm. I looked at him with indignant scorn, and continued to read.

"'And is this,' said he with an air of sarcastic defiance, 'the way in which Mademoiselle Falkland obeys her father, carrying on a forbidden intercourse by tricks and stratagems?'

"'What is it, sir, you mean to say?'

"'That I saw you untie the paper in your hand, from a stone thrown over the hedge; and that I believe it a letter from your lover.'

"'It is immaterial to me what you believe, sir.'

" 'You are mistaken, disdainful girl! for I will this instant go and reveal what I have seen to your deceived father.'

" 'Do so,' said I with great coolness; 'and I will accompany you; for I wish my father not only to see this, but another paper which I have received in the same way, and I conclude from the same quarter; as the information which they contain may probably put him on his guard, as it is meant to do.'

I looked earnestly at De Mérinville as I spoke; and spite of himself I saw him start and change colour.

" 'I was only joking, mademoiselle,' said he; 'you may rely on my honour that I will not betray you to the anger of your father.'

" 'Your honour!' echoed I; and looking at him with increased contempt, I took the way to the house, while he accompanied me in silence.

"My father was alone; and De Mérinville seemed irresolute whether he should stay with us or not; but I begged him to please himself,—and he staid.

"My father was reading old letters, with a view to burn some; and probably he had been reading one of my poor mother's, for his eyes looked as if he had been shedding tears, and his smile when he saw me was unusually affectionate.

"On hearing the door open he looked up, and observing my excessive paleness and emotion,—for I trembled at the task which I had undertaken,—he attributed it to the persecuting assiduities of De Mérinville; and putting out his hand to me he said, 'My dear child, I cannot bear to see you look so ill and agitated; —what has happened to you?—Monsieur de Mérinville, I gave you leave to address my daughter, that is, to try to make yourself agreeable to her: but if in all this time you have not been able to succeed,

I must request you to give over your suit; for though I will never allow my daughter to marry a man whom *I* do not approve, I will never force her to listen to one whom *she* does not.'

"O how welcome to me was this kind, considerate speech! and running to my father, I exclaimed, as I grasped his hand in both mine, 'There spoke my own dear affectionate father once more! and I feared....'

"'What did you fear, my child?' said he.

"'That—that I had lost him for ever!'

"'Foolish girl,' said my father, turning away; 'I see how it is, Adèle; you have imbibed very unjust fears and suspicions; and I also know who instilled them into you: but more on this subject another time. What are those papers which you hold in your hand?'

"'The marquis will tell you, sir, that

they are love letters;—but read, and judge for yourself.'

"I gave him the first; and then read the other, which I had not yet gone through: but I observed my father's countenance, and saw him start, knit his brow, and become agitated.

"The second letter only said that the writer had not yet been able to obtain the history of the sister correctly, but should soon; but that there was no doubt of the brother's being a man *perdu de reputation* *, and concerned with Monsieur de Pornenau, *un gentilhomme Breton*, in making and circulating false money †. That, as he wished to leave France for a time, and his sister and her daughter wished to accompany him, a friend of his family had obtained permission for them to sail in one of the

* Of a blasted reputation.

† See the 2d volume of Madame de Sévigné's Letters.

vessels attending the queen-mother;—that Mr. Neville, who had once been entertained in Brittany at the house of the marquis, had seen them at Calais, and thoughtlessly given them a letter to Mr. Falkland;—but that on their landing in England, they ceased to have even an apparent connexion with the suite of Henrietta Maria;—that on board ship they had become acquainted with some spies of the court of England, who, finding they had letters of introduction to Mr. Falkland, and knowing what sort of people they were, had represented him as a suspected character and a presbyterian, (which sect was then, for political purposes, continually accused of plots and conspiracies;) that therefore it would be well for the brother and the sister, if they would undertake to be spies on the words and actions of the unguarded Mr. Falkland; which they readily undertook to do, with this mental reservation—'if

it should best suit their own purposes.' My informant added, 'that he had learned what he wrote from an ear-witness, who overheard a conversation at an inn at Dover between a spy and these foreigners,—he being supposed not to understand French, the language in which they conversed;—that this letter would be followed by another, containing the history of Madame du Vernis, whose husband was nearly as bad as the marquis.'

"While we were reading these letters, Angelique and Adrienne entered radiant in smiles and beauty; and Adrienne running up to my father drew her arm through his: but he rather roughly shook her off, saying, 'I am busy, child;' then bowing to Angelique without speaking, he took and read the second letter: while I saw De Mérinville convey by a glance to his sister that all was not right.

"As my father read this second letter, and as he frequently glanced his eyes

from it while he read, over the beautiful and seemingly ingenuous countenance of Angelique, his colour heightened and his eyes lighted up with indignation. At length crumbling up the papers in his hand, and throwing them on the floor with great violence, he exclaimed, 'These are vile and impudent calumnies, Adèle; but their object and their author are equally well known to me. Answer me, child—Do you not in your conscience believe, that though Delaval did not write, he dictated them?'

" 'I do,' replied I firmly; 'and I also know his well-principled slowness to believe harm of any one but on good authority.'

" 'Mean-spirited wretch! Assassin of the fame of beauty and innocence! But learn, young lady, that so far from putting your unguarded father *on his guard*, it has made him more confiding than ever: and whatever may have been the

youthful errors of the marquis, even this anonymous accuser can as yet fabricate no charge against this admirable lady, but the ridiculous one of her being a spy of government.'

"'What! call me a spy!' exclaimed Angelique, affecting the utmost astonishment.

"'Yes; and your brother, a French nobleman, is accused of having left France because he had coined and circulated bad money.'

"The brother now exclaimed as loudly as the sister: but Angelique, melting into tears, said, 'This generous anger and disbelief of the charge from you, sir, does not surprise me; but that your daughter should ever believe such horrible calumnies against me, is to me more difficult to bear than the calumnies themselves.'

"'Dear lady, be composed,' said my father, eagerly hastening to her, and

taking her hand with great tenderness; while Adrienne looked at me with a scornful look. Then turning to me, he said, 'Adèle, are you not ashamed of yourself? Why do you not instantly beg this injured angel's pardon? Do it this moment, I command you.'

"'Sir, I cannot do it,' replied I, 'conscientiously, because I am not convinced that the charges are false. Let them be inquired into; and if they prove to be false, then....'

"Here I was interrupted by terror at the even maniacal violence of my father, while in a voice inarticulate with passion he exclaimed, 'Unfeeling, selfish, and rebellious girl! Do what I command you instantly, or I will drive you from my roof a disowned and outcast child!'

"It is strange that these horrible words did not deprive me instantly of sense

and reason: but I was, as it seemed, superhumanly supported; and I faintly replied, 'Drive me—your only child—the child of your sainted Adelaide—a disowned outcast, from your roof! because she refuses to utter what she believes a falsehood, and humble herself to those whom she believes unworthy!' Then, without waiting his reply, I flew to a whole-length picture of my mother surrounded by her children, which hung opposite to him; and rapidly undrawing the curtain, (which since her death and theirs had always been drawn before it,) I fell on my knees, and invoked her image to plead for her poor Adelaide with my beloved father to forgive me; because I would not act contrary to the precepts which she had taught me, and act and utter what I considered as a lie.

"My poor father was not prepared for this appeal,—this strong and desperate

appeal to his best feelings,—and it overcame him. He threw himself on a chair, and hid his face on his hands, while his bosom heaved with emotion.

"At this moment the good old priest approached me; who had entered unperceived, and had heard all that had passed. 'Rise, my dear child,' said he, lifting me from my knees; 'the image of your blessed mother and her babes, and the entreaties of you—her beloved child—cannot, I am sure, long speak to your father's heart in vain.'

"My father instantly started from his recumbent posture; and faltering out 'Adèle!'—I rushed into his extended arms.

"'Such scenes as these should be private,' observed the good old man, looking at the foreigners: who reluctantly took the hint, and he followed them out of the room; but he heard Angelique say, '*Quelle scène! Mais elle a été*

*joué à merveille de la part de la petite**.'

"It was some time before my father was composed enough to speak: and the first thing he uttered was a wish that I would draw the curtain over the picture again. I obeyed; and he was soon tranquil enough to endeavour to reason me out of a belief in Delaval's information. I was very ready to admit that Delaval might be deceived by his informants, though I rejected with indignation the idea of his being willingly deceived, or that he deserved the epithets bestowed on him by my father.

"'Well, well, my child,' he answered, 'I spoke ill-advisedly and in a passion. I have never had reason to doubt Delaval's integrity; and I never disliked anything in him but his politics and religion.'

* What a scene! But it was played admirably on the little girl's side.

"'Which are those of your foreign friends, sir,' said I.

"'Oh! no; not so exactly:—*entre nous*, Mérinville is certainly and avowedly no Catholic. But then he is also a scoffer at all religion, I find; therefore I am very glad he has not succeeded with you, Adèle; as never would I give my child to a boasting infidel like him. But the tractable pious mind of Madame du Vernis, and the impressible one of Adrienne, are inclined to abjure catholicism, and embrace my faith. And the political sentiments of the marquis and his sister have experienced a considerable change since they knew me.'

"Alas! thought I, the enchantress and the enchanter have attacked my father where he is most vulnerable; and the idea of making converts has undone him.

"'Indeed, Adèle!' he continued, 'you are prejudiced against this amiable wo-

man, and I blame Delaval for that. He was alarmed—he suspected that Adrienne had been tutored to feign a passion for me, and he thought I should be fool enough to marry the child. He has therefore tried to win the child's affections himself; and when alone with her, I am told he left no art untried to make her believe he loved her, and gain her love in return. But Adrienne, poor thing! fancies the affection she feels for me love, because I am affectionate to her, and her own father was cruel; and she has made her mother believe that she is *amoureuse à la mort:* but this I only laugh at; and I expect I shall at last convince Angelique as well as Adrienne, that this fancied passion for me is no passion at all:—However, it has prevented Delaval's success.'

"'Indeed, sir,' I replied, 'this is a calumny against Delaval: he had no wish to succeed, nor did he try.'

"'Well, Adèle, we will not dispute on this subject, as I see we shall not convince each other. But I forgive Delaval: he was weakly afraid that I should marry Adrienne and have a second family, and that you would be no longer an heiress; and he wished to prevent it—that's all.'

"'Oh! sir,' cried I, 'how cruelly you wrong the most disinterested of men! He has wished, earnestly wished, you to marry again, that I might be more surely his by ceasing to be an heiress; and were you to make a proper choice, he would exult. But he certainly cannot wish you to marry Adrienne.'

"'Nor do I wish it, I am sure, Adèle. Adrienne is very inferior to her mother: for she, Adèle, however calumniated, is as honourable and virtuous as she is beautiful—spite of all the calumnious observations to which I have been in-

formed her intimacy with me has given birth.'

"'Virtuous, sir, I am sure she is,' I replied, 'or my father would not continue her as the companion of his daughter. I require no other proof of her innocence in one sense.'

"'That confidence is no more than I have deserved from you, my child. But I fear the neighbourhood are not so candid.'

"'I fear, not; and it grieves me to think that my father should incur suspicions of so black a nature.'

"'So it does me; yet the residence of this entertaining woman under my roof has been of such service to me in raising my spirits, that I cannot bear to part with her.'

"'But reputation, sir, ought to be dear too.'

"'It ought. By the by, Adèle, I wish you would take the carriage, and

make some calls on some of my neighbours to-morrow. I have been told that it is suspected you are very unhappy, and that I have locked you up for presuming to object to my intimacy with Angelique. But if you would show yourself, and take Adrienne with you, as if in perfect amity with her....'

"'Say no more, sir; I will obey you, and go to-morrow, accompanied by Adrienne.'

"'There is a good girl,' said my father, kissing my forehead; 'And...' [Here we were interrupted by a message from Madame du Vernis, begging to see my father in her dressing-room. He went, and returned very soon, looking extremely disconcerted.]

"'Adèle,' said he, 'you ought to believe me when I say that I consider your dignity as my dignity; and that what would degrade you degrades me. Therefore, I would not wish you to tell Angelique

you are sorry for what has past, and that you spoke in anger from my attack on Delaval, if I thought you degraded yourself by doing so.'

"'Sir, my dear father,' I added, after a pause and in great agitation; 'do not, do not ask of me the only sacrifice I would not gladly make to you. I would sacrifice any thing to you, but that integrity and that self-respect which you and your example have taught me to prize beyond every thing else. I cannot apologize to Madame du Vernis, because I cannot admit that an apology is her due; on the contrary, she owes me one, for her attack on my beloved Delaval.'

"Before my father could reply, Angelique, as if she had overheard what I said, entered the room, and did apologize to me. Accordingly I accepted the olive branch, and peace was restored. We then talked of my projected visits the next day; and Adrienne seemed

more delighted than the occasion appeared to warrant, at being allowed to accompany me.

"That evening passed, on the whole, pleasantly away. Angelique had seen, by my father's strong emotion during the scene in the morning, and the relenting tenderness which he had shown towards me, that her empire was not yet sufficiently established for her to throw off the appearance of great regard for me; as her aim at complete ascendency by means of her daughter had, she feared, entirely failed.

"But my self-love, or perhaps I may hope, my better feelings, were now wounded by my father. He used to delight to hear me sing and play to the guitar: but now he was continually finding fault with my performances, and comparing them with Angelique's, and wishing I would learn of her, and to play and sing like her; and I found that one

of my means of contributing to my father's enjoyment was now annihilated.

"The next morning, accompanied by Adrienne, I went in the carriage to call at some houses in the neighbourhood. But the uniform answer at the door, after my being there had been announced to the mistress of the house, was, 'My lady will see you, madam; but she can't see any stranger.' And I was uniformly forced to leave Adrienne in the carriage. Nor, when I made my appearance, was there any excuse of illness or dishabille made for not receiving my companion.

"One lady was however very honest and communicative on the subject, and told me 'she was delighted to see that I was not quite shut up; and that my father's commanding officer (that odious woman his French companion) had not forbidden me entirely that enjoyment of respectable society which she had forfeited herself.'

"At first I was too confused, too shocked, and too indignant to be able to answer: but when I was, I hope and trust that my filial piety, agonized at so gross an imputation on my beloved and respected father, made me repel with great energy, and I trust with great effect, this hateful and plausible calumny. And I assured the lady 'that I was convinced Madame du Vernis was an innocent and injured woman; and that even if she were not so, my father was too good a man to allow his daughter to associate with a woman whom he believed unworthy; and that, on the contrary, I was sure he considered her as one of the most irreproachable of human beings, and had no regard for her inconsistent with the most rigid virtue.'

"'But you will own appearances are against them both, and that the world are justified in talking?'

" 'Recollect,' answered I, 'that the daughter of Madame du Vernis is with her, and that she is under the protection of her brother.'

" 'Yes; but what a brother! a man of infamous character! And after all, recollect how little regard is paid in France to the marriage tie! No, no, dear Adelaide, appearances are wrong, very wrong.'

" What could I say? I was silent and depressed, and gladly put an end to a visit which exposed me to hear unwelcome observations on one whose good name and reputation were sacred in my eyes; and who, I was sure, was incapable of encouraging a feeling of love for the wife of another.

" This was luckily my last visit.

" When I rejoined Adrienne,—after having been told that I could not suppose any countenance would be shown the

daughter of a mother who appeared in so suspicious a light, I found a young man of very engaging appearance seated in the carriage by her side; and with some little appearance of embarrassment she introduced him to me as Monsieur Desborough; a gentleman who came over in the same vessel with them, and had accompanied them to London.

"I thought it strange that we should never have heard any of the party mention this young man:—and while I was hesitating whether it was right for me to invite him home with us or not, he had kissed the hand of Adrienne and disappeared.

"'This last was a short visit,' said Adrienne.

"I was surprised, for it had been a very long one; and I could not help replying, 'Your companion must have made it appear so;—for it was by far the longest that I made.'

"Adrienne blushed, made no reply, and turned the conversation.

"On our road home I fancied once or twice that Adrienne seemed uncomfortable, and that she appeared desirous of speaking to me on some particularly interesting subject, but had not courage: and as I feared it might be to urge a request that I would not mention her having seen and conversed alone with young Desborough, I was very glad when we reached home, as I wished to escape all danger of such a petition.

"As soon as we alighted, my father summoned me to his study, and insisted on my telling him without any reservation what had passed at our visits; and I did so, sparing his feelings as much as I could.

"The refusal of every lady on whom I called to admit Adrienne, filled him with lively astonishment and indignation, and he resented it for the sake of Madame

du Vernis. But when I was forced to own to him that his daughter had been obliged to defend his deeply-wounded reputation, I saw that he then resented the indignity offered to himself, and that he felt the degradation of being so circumstanced as to require to be defended by his child.

"However, to my great relief, he at once admitted that appearances should not be disregarded; and that as De Mérinville and Adrienne were not considered as sufficient guardians of the fame of Angelique, unless a grave and proper matron could be invited to stay at the house, the foreigners should remove to a house in the immediate neighbourhood, and near enough for every-day intercourse. I dared not say that I thought the only effectual method of putting an end to the scandal, would be their immediate removal to London.

"I did not see Angelique and De Mé-

rinville till we met at dinner; when Madame du Vernis' angry feelings at Adrienne's not being received were very visible to me, under the disguise of smiles and softness which she always wore when she addressed my father. For, as cracks in an enamelled face betray the real complexion underneath, so the contracted brow and fiery eyes of Angelique were very perceptible to an observer like me, through the varnish of her highly polished and oily manners.

"Angelique asked me, however, some questions relative to our drive, and wished me to smooth the ruffled plumes of her self-love, by accounting by some kind invention for Adrienne's not being allowed to accompany me to my friends. But as I would not violate the truth, even to please a friend, I certainly would not do it to oblige an enemy; and I said nothing in reply to her observations, but that the time had not always, I trusted, appeared

very long to Mademoiselle du Vernis, as I found she had a companion during my last visit.

"'Indeed,' exclaimed Angelique, darting an angry look at Adrienne; 'she did not tell me so.'

"And before the abashed girl could reply, I told the alarmed mother 'that her companion was a Mr. Desborough, a very fine young man, their *compagnon de voyage.*'

"If looks could have annihilated, those of her uncle and her mother would have annihilated the conscious Adrienne. Still there was in her answering look a degree of defiance mingling with confusion, which then I could not account for. But as my father, who had left the room, now returned, the looks were laid aside, and the subject seemed forgotten; while Adrienne, as if to make her peace with her mother, went and sat in my father's

chair, as usual; and tried to keep up, as usual, the falsehood of her being tenderly enamoured of him.

"But that night, though it failed to unblind my father, afforded a pretty certain proof of the unprincipled hypocrisy and artifice both of the mother and the daughter; for while the former persisted, though vainly, in trying to make my father believe Adrienne was in love with him, and the daughter assisted her to the utmost of her power, the latter acted on the impulse of a real passion, which the mother knew of, and had disapproved, and eloped in the dead of the night with that very young man who had, by her own appointment, watched for her on the road, in the morning, prepared with a letter to tell her all was ready for their flight, if he had not had an opportunity of speaking to her alone.

"Adrienne was not missed till the

next day; and then not only the rage but the distress of the justly punished parent was painful to behold; and I could not but approve the affectionate interest which my father expressed in her sorrow, while he exclaimed with a graceful and becoming simplicity, 'There! I told you the child was not in love with *me;*'—while the idea that Angelique had meant to impose on him, never entered into his unsuspicious mind; for his noble nature was ever above suspicion.

"The distress of Angelique was not occasioned merely by seeing all her designs of that sort on my father frustrated entirely; she feared, unhappy woman, that Desborough did not mean to marry Adrienne. And while my father and De Mérinville set off immediately in pursuit of the fugitives, the sight of a parent's alarm for the endangered honour of her child was sufficiently affecting to melt even my just coldness towards the now

real sufferer; and I look back with wonder at the feelings of affectionate concern which I not only exhibited, but really experienced, towards Angelique, till the good news arrived of her daughter's being married, first at a chapel and then at a church in the Savoy. And as Desborough, though not rich, was in a lucrative profession and the son of a gentleman, I thought the girl was more fortunate than her conduct deserved, or than her situation warranted. But when the gentlemen returned to us, Mérinville took occasion in the course of the evening to mention the necessity there was for him to go to London for a few weeks; and as his sister would then have no proper protector in the eyes of the world, he must, though reluctantly, urge her to accompany him.

"My father could not be so complete a traitor to the cause of propriety as to object to the departure of this fascinating

woman; and to the disappointment of the foreigners, he replied, 'If you, De Mérinville, must really go, I see, I feel the necessity of Angelique's accompanying you.'

"My dear, my honoured father, how proud of him I felt at that moment! But I saw that Angelique and De Mérinville were disconcerted, as they feared this speech argued a decay of interest and affection towards the former; and I observed that the brother and the sister had a long conference together that evening.

"Nothing more was said of De Mérinville's departure till the evening of the next day, and then it was fixed to take place three days from the present time; while I retired to rest, thankful to Providence for having allowed a term to be put at length to my domestic annoyance.

"The day had been very hot; so much so, as to make the poor old priest, who was evidently declining every hour, exceedingly unwell. The evening and the night were equally sultry; and as I was not sleepy, I sat up reading, and had just come to that electrifying passage in Comus, where the enchanter takes the lady prisoner, when I thought I heard a tap at the door of my apartment; and the tap seemed followed by a groan. I started with apprehension, for the clock had just struck two, and I believed I was the only one up in the family; while with suspended breath I listened for a repetition of the noises—and they were repeated. But the tap and the groan were both much fainter. Though terrified, and expecting I knew not what, I had however sufficient courage to unlock and open my door, when I beheld the good old priest looking at me with a

countenance of horror, and with every feature bearing on it the dread impression of approaching death.

"'Oh! my child,' said he, catching hold of my arm for support, while he staggered to the bed, and threw himself upon it: 'I am dying; but I hope to live long enough to tell you—I overheard—Oh! that vile man, and viler woman! I heard—I....' Here his voice failed, his lips became convulsed, and I saw that his last agonies were approaching, while he vainly fumbled in his robe, and cast an inquiring look round the room. I understood that asking eye; and fetching with eager haste the crucifix from my oratory, I held it before the uplifted eyes of the venerable and pious man; and while he grasped it with his trembling hand, the fingers suddenly loosed their hold, and breathing his last breath, he fell back without a groan.

"Many and turbulent years have since

passed over my head; but never, never can I forget the bewildering agony of this strange and sudden event.

"I felt my senses fail me; I knelt beside the unconscious being who was associated with all I had loved from childhood, and who was himself beloved by me; and I spoke to him, and conjured him to answer me. But when I gazed on those fixed and unclosed eyes, and awoke again to the whole of the afflicting reality, I started from the bed in all the violence of phrensy, and uttered shrieks which echoed dismally through the sounding walls of the mansion.

"The noise awoke every one in the house; but my father was the first who came to me: and almost speechless with terror and amazement he beheld the being whom he most venerated lying a corpse on the bed of his child; and that child evidently under an alienation of reason.

"I recollect that it was my father's caresses and pathetic lamentations over me that first brought me to myself. But when I recovered my reason, I was for some time wholly unable to describe a scene so strange, so short, so sudden, and so afflicting!

"Powerful indeed must the motive have been that could impel the good old man to disturb me, and seek my apartment in the dead of night; and agitating indeed the feelings that could thus hurry on the hour of his dissolution. And whom had he seen? And what had he heard? And what did he mean by 'Oh! that vile man, and viler woman!'

"I had no doubt but that, as was his custom if too restless to sleep, he had been praying in the chapel which communicated with the garden; and when I was composed enough to think, I had no doubt but that during a thunder

shower the plotting brother and sister, who had taken the advantage of the night to walk and plot unseen, had sought shelter in the chapel; and there, not seeing the aged supplicant, who had perhaps hidden himself in alarm, had disclosed to each other some *intended machinations*, which he had overheard, and, being conscious of impending dissolution, had resolved to communicate to me immediately.

"But nothing from human lips ever cleared up the mystery. Why he came, and all that he heard, can only be known at that dread day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. My conjecture however was, no doubt, just; but though the next day a gold bracelet of Angelique's was found in the chapel, (and certainly before she had been in it that day,) I dared not mention my suspicions to my father; and she declared that all the old man did and uttered was from the delirium of

death. I, however, saw that the foreigners were very anxious to know all he did utter, and that they inquired with quivering lips: and could I have thought a violation of truth justifiable in any instance, I would have played upon their fears, and terrified their guilty consciences, by insinuating that he said more than I repeated. But when solemnly asked by my father if I had really related all that he said, I as solemnly assured him that I had told all; and I saw their countenances clear up immediately.

"I will not dwell on the wretched feelings which were mine the next day, composed of sorrow for the dead and fear of and for the living,—a vague mysterious fear, born of the mysterious circumstance which had occasioned it. Nor will I attempt to describe the agony I endured when I followed in the funeral procession the last relic of my departed mother and kindred. And when I beheld

the grave close on this dear and affectionate being, I seemed to see my mother and her children entombed again, and as if nearly all who loved me were removed for ever from me.

"But confidence in the mercy and justice of the power who had afflicted me, enabled me to bear up under the pressure of those afflictions.

"I have already mentioned what my suspicions originally were, and they were now about to receive a most unwelcome confirmation. Two days after my old friend's death, the marquis received a letter in the presence of his sister, my father, and myself. On perusing it he started, seemed considerably agitated, and beckoning my father to follow him, rushed out of the room. I, who was always *expecting stratagems*, now turned a glance of suspicion towards Angelique, who taking out some eau de luce and seeming very faint, though she did not

change colour, declared her alarm lest something had happened to Adrienne. But I did not hazard a single conjecture, and awaited the return of the gentlemen in almost trembling anxiety.

"At length my father returned, full, I thought, of emotion, but rather of a pleasurable kind; and approaching Angelique, he said, 'Dear, dear Angelique! I am come to conduct you to your brother.' He then led her out of the room.

"My foreboding heart instantly whispered what it was which that letter, that fabricated letter, too probably announced, and I retired to my own chamber, to implore of the 'God who heareth prayer' fortitude to endure as became me, and the pupil of such a mother as mine was, the new and bitter trial which I believed awaited me.

"Having performed this duty, I returned to the room which I had quitted, resigned and composed.

"I found my father there; and I observed that he looked thoughtful, and wholly unconscious of external objects. On hearing the door shut, he started however from his reverie; and seeing me, advanced to meet me.

"'Adèle,' said he, 'poor Angelique's husband is dead.'

"I expected to hear this information; and I coolly replied, 'Is he any loss, sir?'

"'Loss! Why really as to that I cannot exactly say; but still you may suppose she is at first rather shocked, rather overpowered, and she wishes at present to see no one but her brother."

"'*I* shall certainly not intrude upon her sorrows, sir,' was my reply.

"I conclude that my tone was rather sarcastic, for I saw my father cast on me an inquiring and angry look; but he said nothing: and I, wishing to avoid further conversation concerning a woman whom

I could not either approve, like, or trust, took up a book, and my father did the same. But I saw that he did not, could not read: nor, to say the truth, could I: for I was convinced that the crisis of my poor father's fate was now arrived, and that the sun of my domestic happiness was set for ever. Still I did not credit the truth of the intelligence. I did not believe that Du Vernis was really dead. But recurring to the poor old priest's expression of 'Oh! that vile man, and still viler woman!' and to his eagerness to tell me what he had heard, when death arrested on his lips the unfinished sentence, I suspected that what he had overheard was a proposal from the brother, eagerly acceded to by the sister, that as Adrienne could not now marry my father, Angelique should; and that Du Vernis, who did not care what his wife did, provided she could get money, should be de-

clared to be dead, with all possible expedition.

"This, to be sure, was then merely my own conjecture. Still I was convinced I was right,—so much reliance had I on the communications which I had received; and so sure was I, from my own observation, that Madame du Vernis was a woman of consummate artifice, and little better than an *aventurière*.

"But if I was right, there was one gleam of hope for *me*, and one prospect of ultimate relief for my father *too*. If the husband was really not dead, and she married my father, the marriage was no marriage; and when he wished to be relieved, he could be so. But in the mean while his fortune might be utterly ruined, and his peace destroyed:—and while these thoughts were passing in my mind, no book could engage my attention.

"Angelique appeared no more that

evening; but my father was allowed to go to her. I therefore, not being disposed to a *tête-à-tête* with De Mérinville, who officiously came to sit with me, retired early to my own apartment.

"The next day Angelique sent a message by the marquis to my father, requesting he would allow her to take a drive with her brother:—and though my father, no doubt, wished that she had chosen another escort, he acceded to the request.

"They were gone some hours. When they returned, Angelique, leaning on my father, (who flew to hand her out) was prevailed upon to enter the common sitting-room. On seeing me for the first time since her loss, she assumed a look of excessive seriousness, and seemed to expect from me a compliment of condolence. But I was not hypocrite enough to offer one; and my only civility was

asking her to take refreshment after her drive.

"'But where can you have been,' said my father, 'to be absent so many hours?'

"'We have been,' replied the marquis, assuming an air of consequence and dignity, 'we have been in search of lodgings, somewhere within a few miles of this place, as Angelique wishes not, during the first months of her widowhood, to be seen in London: and here, especially during my absence, you must feel, sir, it is now improper that she should remain.'

"My father at first looked grieved at this intelligence; but recovering himself, he said, 'Certainly, certainly—I feel that you are quite right. But—but—I hope that you are not going to remove very far off.'

"'No,' replied Angelique in a voice

of captivating sweetness, which even I could never hear without admiration;—'we could not, after driving about some time, procure a lodging more than four miles off.'

"'Four miles! Oh! that is too far. But I trust that when De Mérinville comes back from London you will see no objection to return hither.'

"'We will talk of that at some future time,' said Angelique with modest reserve, as if to heighten the respectful admiration which my father entertained for her; and at the same time to increase that love for her which, being now no longer opposed by principle, he would, she doubted not, be soon unable to restrain. And I could not but observe that Angelique cast on me, every now and then, looks of triumph and defiance.

"Angelique, however, spite of her decorum, staid under our roof till her mourning arrived from London; and the

widow's band, worn by Frenchwomen, and usually so unbecoming, seemed on her, only an increase to her natural loveliness; and while I disliked and feared, I could not but gaze on her and admire. Indeed, indeed, I could excuse my father's now evident adoration of her.

"At length Angelique and De Mérinville, who on his sister's account put off his journey to London, departed for their new abode; and I was at least relieved in one respect, I ceased to see for the present, objects that were disagreeable to me: but then I knew only too well, that when they returned it would be, probably, to quit us no more.

"But while I rejoiced, my father mourned: for the artful Angelique, in order by absence and difficulty to increase my father's regard, refused to see him for a whole fortnight after she was settled in her new habitation: and when he rode over to inquire after her, and

entreat admittance to her presence, she refused to see him, and even begged that he would not call at her door.

"The consequence was, that as my father could not see her, he was always writing to her, and sending her provisions and dainties; and I was forced to order all sorts of sweets and nice-made dishes, to tempt the appetite of Angelique. But when evening came, and the long letter and the nice things were sent, my father, having nothing to do for the beloved object till the next day, became restless and miserable.

"'Get your guitar, Adèle,' said he one night, 'and sing and play to me: sing that little Venetian air of which I am so fond.'

"I obeyed, but reluctantly; as I feared that my singing would not please him: and my fears were just.

"'Adèle,' said he, 'that is not the way Angelique sings it. It is surprising to

me that you, who have heard her sing it so often, should not have caught any thing of her manner.'

"'I sing it,' replied I, with difficulty repressing my tears, 'as my poor mother taught it to me; and you used to admire her manner of singing it.'

"'Did I?' he replied in some confusion: 'Oh! yes—true—I believe I did: but then I had not heard Angelique.'

"'Would you never had!' thought I; and I sighed audibly as I did so. My father echoed the sigh; but whether his sigh was occasioned by the dead or the living, I cannot determine.

"'You see, Adèle,' said he, after a pause, 'what a nice sense of propriety (the child and the guardian of innocence) Madame du Vernis has; spite of the cruel aspersions on her fair fame.'

"'How has she proved it, sir?'

"'By removing from my house under

her present circumstances, and refusing to see me.'

"'Refusing to see you! And for how long a time?'

"'Oh! a fortnight is the term of my exile.'

"'She thinks, then, propriety requires very short sacrifices. Will her brother be returned by that time?'

"'Yes—that is—probably, I believe. But I see, Adèle, that let Angelique do what she will, she will never have your good word.'

"'Not so, sir; but I cannot agree to give any one praise when I think it undeserved. As to the removal of this lady now, I fear it will injure her fame still more; because while she was under your roof, and was my companion, none but your most malignant enemies—your political ones I mean;—could dare to believe in their hearts that she was

more to you than a friend. But now it will seem as if all was not right between you, and that you had therefore removed her.'

"'I protest that is very true,' said my father, rising and walking backwards and forwards; 'very true. Yes—yes,' he added, muttering it to himself—'Yes—yes—this makes the necessity of separation even still more strong;—her fame has suffered, and still suffers—yes—yes.'

"Then snatching up his hat he left the room; and I heard him soon after walking rapidly to and fro on the gravel-walk under the window.

"At length the term of exile ended, and every day and all day my father spent at the lodgings of Angelique. I in the mean time was invited to dinner parties in the neighbourhood; but I would not go, because I knew I should be exposed to hear observations on my father, to which

as a child it did not become me to listen.

"During this period I suffered much additional pain that I had not foreseen. Absence from Delaval, and being commanded by my father to conquer my attachment to him, and to hold no intercourse with him, were alone sufficient to depress my spirits. But in addition to this evil was the prospect of still greater impending over me: and to complete my annoyance (for suffering perhaps I should not call it), my father never returned from visiting Angelique without reading me a lecture on œconomy and housekeeping, and the management of a family;—telling me that Madame du Vernis was so surprised when she heard of his enormous yearly expenditure, that she declared there must be great extravagance somewhere; that, for want of good *surveillance*, I was eaten up by my servants. 'I really wish, Adèle,' he

added, 'that you would look a little into these things.'

"'A little, sir; I look a great deal.'

"'It is to little purpose then.'

"'You used to think differently,' sir, of what I did,' I replied, bursting into tears; 'but I can do nothing to please you now. And what should this French-woman know,' I continued (my voice growing firmer from indignation), 'of what is necessary for the maintenance of English servants—the servants of a generous hospitable English country gentleman? They cannot—must not—will not be fed on *soup-maigre et bouilli*.'

"'You are warm, Adèle. Indeed I never saw any one's temper so altered.'

"'What with the loss of my beloved Delaval, and other things,' replied I, 'I think I have enough to try it.'—Then, unable any longer to keep my agitation in decent bounds, I ran out of the room.

"I do not, cannot justify these ebul-

litions of angry feelings, and to a parent too; but I still think the trials I was enduring were severe.

"When Angelique had been a widow about six weeks, De Mérinville returned; and soon after my father told me that he himself was going to London for a week or two: he therefore urged me to send and invite myself to stay at the house of some of my friends. 'Not that I believe,' added he, looking earnestly at me, 'that you would take advantage of my absence to elope with Delaval, or even to receive him here.'

"'Does any one else dare to think it, sir?' cried I, indignant at the implied distrust.' 'No, sir, thanks to my education, I am not likely to elope with any one My mother was not likely to have formed an Adrienne.'

"This was wrong:—I know it was. However, I had the good feeling to repent instantly; and I entreated my fa-

ther to forgive the hasty words drawn from me by indignation, at being even for a moment suspected of doing a mean and unworthy action. But my repentance was vain, and my father left me in silent and stern displeasure.

"The next day he went away before six in the morning. I however rose to bid him farewell: but his adieu was hurried, cold, and uncomfortable. He looked flushed, and his hand was feverish.

"'When may I hope to see you again?' said I.

"'Not yet:—I do not exactly know. But I will write.' And with a nod of the head, as if he was not even thinking of me, he drove off.

"The fortnight of my father's absence and my solitude was not, I trust, thrown away on me, as I fortified my mind by reading and reflection, and conversation with the priest, an old friend of his regretted predecessor, who came from a

Catholic family near us to officiate in our chapel. It was but a small number of worshippers whom he found there; for a Catholic servant of our own and those of the foreigners were usually, with myself, the only attendants. Even her religious as well as political opinions Angelique had sacrificed at the altar of my father's good-will, therefore when she was our guest she rarely joined us. As I was now the only one in the family to whom this good priest's presence was welcome, he was rarely asked to stay when he came. Now, however, the case was different; I was alone, and his society was precious to me. He therefore obtained leave to stay a whole week with me; and I felt not only consoled and strengthened by his soothing piety, but instructed and amused by the variety of his attainments. Père Anselm was a Frenchman, and had associated much with his distin-

guished and reverend compatriots, Bossuet, the D'Arnauds, and Bourdaloue; and while by a great effort I forced myself to attend to their works, while he read them aloud to me or I read to him, I forgot all the sorrows which were present to me, and those which were to come; and was convinced that there are few griefs which *mental occupation* cannot allay.

"But I was called from this pleasant medicine to a sick mind, and forced to dismiss my physician, by a letter from my father, announcing his return, and desiring me to order a room to be prepared for Adrienne and her husband.

"I obeyed orders; and they all arrived to dinner at our house. But the brother and sister went home at night; and I should have been glad had the bride and bridegroom accompanied them; as I had no feeling or sentiment in common with

either of them, and thought that Adrienne's husband was as insipid as well as handsome as herself.

"One morning as usual I was walking along that walk in which I every day hoped to receive the long-promised and long-delayed communication relative to Angelique, when the expected signal was made, and a stone fell at my feet. Eagerly indeed did I open the paper; and I was so absorbed in its contents, that I was unconscious of the approach of Adrienne, who, I am convinced, read a little while over my shoulder; but who, thinking I had discovered her, playfully put her hand over the paper, and exclaimed, 'Ah! you are reading a letter from your lover, I suppose!'

"I started, and indignantly replied, 'If I am, I am not going to elope.'

"'The more fool you,' replied the unabashed girl, and left me, I did not doubt, to seek out her uncle, who was

with Desborough, and tell him what she had seen.

"The letter informed me, (and it was Delaval's hand-writing,) that being resolved to send me no information that was not strictly true, and that could not be thoroughly depended on, he had forborne to write till he obtained such information.

"That Angelique was certainly, he found, the natural child of Mérinville's father, by an Englishwoman of great talent but low birth; and thence her knowledge of English, or rather her power of speaking it; that she was educated in France for the stage, and thence her variety of personal accomplishments and her power of recitation; but that during her first engagement at a provincial theatre, she so captivated the heart of Du Vernis, a profligate man of the law, that as a higher bribe than her other lovers would give, he offered to marry her,

provided she would quit the stage. She did so, and they there married. But her noble brother, the marquis, never could endure the alliance; and by his *hauteur* so disgusted Du Vernis that he frequently forbade him the house, and was rendered miserable by the ascendency which the brother had over his sister; that after some recent scenes of a disagreeable nature between Du Vernis and Mérinville, the former of whom thought that an unprincipled lawyer was as good as a coining and infamous marquis, Du Vernis again forbade Mérinville his house; and that Angelique and Adrienne declared they would live with him no longer; that he rejoiced to hear them say so; and that on Mérinville's being forced to quit Paris for a time, those ladies had accompanied him to England.

"This was all the letter; for Delaval was too honourable to make it the vehicle of an intercourse so positively forbidden

by my father: but the hand-writing was his, and the letter came from him; and I had a sadly soothing pleasure in pressing it to my lips and my heart.

"But I must own, the contents of the letter disappointed me. It contained no charge against the character of Angelique. It only showed she was of illegimate birth, and had been a short time on the stage; and though to be an actress—a person unknown in England till the Restoration—was synonymous in France with courtezan, still Angelique had married respectably at sixteen, which spoke well for her character and her principles; therefore, there was no apparent profligacy of conduct to oppose my father's making her his wife. Still there were strong obstacles to it, in her being a natural child, and far, far more in my father's prejudice against actresses, and his pride of family. But then my father was now really in love.

"However, one thing was certain—It was right that I should show him this communication, whether it made for or against my wishes; and I was resolved to do so the very first fair opportunity.

"In the mean while I could not but be struck by the still increasing intimacy and familiarity between my father and Angelique,—a familiarity which was not only, I thought, improper in such an early stage of widowhood, but at any time, and even between avowedly engaged lovers. I was also sensible of a still more painful change during the month succeeding my father's return, and since the return of De Mérinville and his sister to take up their abode under our roof; and that was an increasing pettishness and coldness in my father's manner to me. If I looked pale, and I did alarmingly so, he no longer regarded it. If I was unwell, it drew from him no attentions; while he watched every change

of colour in Angelique; gave her his arm if she only walked across the room; set a footstool before her whenever she sat down; and was continually persuading her to rest her limbs on the sofa, while he put pillows to support her beautiful head.

"The dinner too was now never approved by my father; for Angelique had contrived to give him a very high opinion of her own housewifery, and a very mean one of mine. Sometimes he said that I stuffed his guests even to a surfeit, and sometimes I starved them; but no dish was ever well made. And then my father used to add, with a tender look at Angelique, 'These are not such nice little ragouts as you used to give me at your lodgings; but then you superintended. Adèle is a good girl, but she does not understand or attend to these things.'

"All this was trying and provoking; because I saw that it was not my father

himself who thus judged me of his own accord; but that these ideas and this disaffection had been instilled into him. I must, however, do myself the justice to say, that I bore all this without repining, and with proper filial respect. So far I have nothing to reproach myself with;—a tear would sometimes force itself into my eyes, when I thought of times past; but, on the whole, I was able to behave, I hope, as I ought.

"One morning I rose rather earlier than usual, in hopes of catching an opportunity of seeing my father, who commonly was an early riser; and finding myself alone in the room where my mother's picture hung, I undrew the curtain, and indulged myself in looking at it. While I was thus employed my father entered; but he cast, I saw, a glance wholly devoid of emotion on the picture, and rather coldly told me I was down very early.

"'Yes,' replied I, turning from the picture without redrawing the curtain, 'I wished to give myself a chance of seeing you alone. I have had another communication from Delaval, which I have thought myself bound in duty to show you.'

"'Foolish girl!' said my father smiling: 'you have done right, no doubt; but you may spare yourself the trouble of giving, and me the trouble of reading, your manifesto; for I dare say I can guess all that it contains.'

"'Pardon me, sir, if I differ from you totally.'

"'How so?'

"'I conceive that you cannot be acquainted with all I have to communicate.'

"'Shall I anticipate? But first let me say that the poor marquis owns he has been the innocent agent of passing false money; as De Pomenars is his re-

lation, and was base enough to impose on his credulity; consequently, for his sake and his own, he was advised to leave his country. In the next place, you have to tell me that Angelique is the natural child of the Marquis de Mérinville, by an English lady, which I knew before;—that she was educated for the stage, and thence her all-excelling personal graces and talents.'

"'Yes, sir; and that she was on the stage till taken thence by her husband, Monsieur du Vernis.'

"'No, Adèle, no,' he answered with great quickness; 'Du Vernis made proposals to Angelique before she ever had been on the stage at all; and her delicacy of mind and shrinking feminine modesty led her to accept his offer, though the lover had not touched her heart, in order to avoid the contamination of a public life.'

"'My correspondent says differently,'

sir; and assures me that what he says is correct.'

"'And you, no doubt, believe him, Miss Falkland, out of pique and prejudice?'

"Angelique, De Mérinville, and Adrienne, now entered the room.

"'Well, Angelique,' said he, after having, with his arm round her waist, borne her to a seat—'Well, the communication which Adrienne told us of, was such as you expected and anticipated.'

"'And no doubt,' replied Angelique, looking like any thing rather than an *angel* at me, 'no doubt Mademoiselle believes all she is told in that letter. But she ought in common justice to remember that her informant, Mr. Delaval, is an incensed, prejudiced, partial, ungenerous, and vindictive informant.'

"'I cannot remember, madam,' cried I, 'what is *not*. Delaval is incapable of being ungenerous and vindictive;

and so far from wishing to judge even you hastily and unjustly, weeks have elapsed since his first communications, because he was afraid of sending me reports not worthy of credit.'

"'You mean to say then, madam,' said Angelique, rising from her chair in excessive agitation, 'that you believe all that Mr. Delaval asserts?'

"'I do,' replied I, rising also, and giving way to those feelings of anger towards her, which I carefully controlled towards my ever beloved father; 'I do, Madame du Vernis. Nay more. I will own to you, that I believe—and not from any communication from Delaval, for I have made none to him—that your brother and yourself were 'the *vile man* and *viler woman*,' whom my dear lost friend mentioned, and whom he came to warn me against; and that what he heard, overheard unconsciously, and came, alas! vainly, to relate to me, was the plan you

were then concerting, and have since acted upon—namely, to pretend the death of Monsieur du Vernis. Your motives for so doing I need not explain to you: But take notice that what I now tell you is the uninfluenced belief—suggested by her own observation alone—of me, Adelaide Falkland.'

"No, it was not prejudice, not prepossession, I did behold on the pale cheek of both the signs of conscious detection. But my triumph was momentary; for my father rose, and coming towards me with lips quivering with passion, and with an arm raised as if in menace, exclaimed, 'Then Adelaide Falkland shall retract and unsay her base, unworthy, and unwarrantable suspicions, and her insolent insulting utterance of them, or never more be child of mine, but an outcast from my heart and from my home!'

"'Retract! Unsay what I have said

and asserted! Your child—my mother's child—my dear though cruel father!' I replied, made courageous by despair—'Never, never!'

"'Then we part this hour, Miss Falkland; and you yourself will see the necessity of it, when I tell you that this admirable and exemplary being whom you have dared thus grossly to calumniate and insult, is my wife!'

"'Your wife!' I vociferated; 'already your wife! so soon too after....' Then extending my hand in powerless agony towards the picture of my own beloved mother,—a gesture that had certainly nothing conciliating in it,—I sunk insensible on the floor. On my recovery, I found servants only assisting to recover me: the faithful old butler was supporting my head, and I saw the tears trickle down his cheek. But my father, my once tender father, was supporting his bride, and holding salts to her nose,

murmuring out as he did so, 'My dearest angel! be composed :—in your situation how I tremble at an agitation like this!'

"He now observed that I was recovered from my swoon; and dismissing the attendants, he said, 'I conclude, Miss Falkland, that your own good sense must inform you that your residence under this roof is no longer possible; and I dare say that I am not mistaken in adding, that such a residence would now be as painful to you as it would be to us.'

"'Certainly, sir,' said I, wringing my hands in agony; 'certainly—it would indeed.'

"'Then, Miss Falkland, the sooner we part the better. In a few months you will be of age, and then you will have an independent and sufficient fortune; but till that time comes, I will be your banker.'

"'You need not, sir,' replied I; 'till

that time comes, I have money sufficient for my wants in the retirement to which I shall hasten; and I beg leave to decline your bounty.'

"'Well, madam, just as you please,' replied my father, surprised I believe to see in me a pride and a spirit equal to the situation: 'And now, Miss Falkland, let me add, that my carriage, if you will deign to accept its service, shall convey you to London; and also, if you permit, to my house there, till you are provided with another abode, as we shall be there ourselves soon. But mark me, Miss Falkland, though on proper submission Mrs. Falkland and myself may again receive you to our favour, I command you, on pain of my malediction, not to receive Delaval, that mean calumniator, as your husband, or even as your lover!'

"'I shall obey you, sir,' I replied, with such calmness, and I venture to

add, such respect, as I now look back upon with wonder. 'Though you, sir, have cast off the kindness and the duty of a father, I should not be warranted in casting off the duty of a child.' Then, making him and the rest of the party a low obeisance, I left the room, and repaired to mine to pack up my things, and prepare for banishment from the paternal roof. But when I reached my apartment, my unnatural composure vanished; and the idea of what brought me there came over my mind with such overwhelming force that I sunk, drowned in tears, upon the bed, incapable of exertion. Nor was my composure increased by the sight of my own maid standing by me, and that of her fellow-servants at the door, giving me tear for tear and sigh for sigh, and anxious to know whether what old Mansel said was true, and if they were going to lose their dear

young lady. And when I replied in the affirmative, the sight of their violent grief was so overpowering to me, that I was forced to beg all but my own maid would leave the room.

"When I was a little composed, I asked Jennings (my maid) whether she was willing to follow my fortunes: and it was some time before the faithful creature could articulate—'Can you doubt it, Miss Falkland?'

"To be brief. Hopeless and indeed not desirous of my father's rescinding his resolution, we packed up with all possible dispatch; and in four hours time I was ready to bid a long, if not a final, farewell to my paternal roof. The carriage now was come round, and I was ordered to attend my father in his study.

"'May I presume to ask,' said he, concealing, as I thought and hoped, much feeling under an air of great coldness, where you intend to reside?'

"'It is my intention, sir, to reside at present as a boarder in the Nunnery at York, as it is called; of which, as you know, a first cousin and dear friend of my mother's is the governess; and then perhaps I shall go into a convent abroad.'

"'You have no intention of taking the veil, I hope?'

"'No; not at present at least. Yet, parted from my lover, and now deprived of my father—deprived of every tie to bind me to the world—what, sir, could the forlorn and orphan Adelaide do better than devote herself wholly to her God?'

"My father for a moment seemed speechless from strong emotion; but recovering himself, he said, 'Remember, Adelaide, that it is through your own fault alone that you are separated from your father: and remember also, that on proper submission from you I shall

be glad to receive you again. Now farewell, and God bless you!'

"He then kissed my cheek, and waving me with his hand to the door I got out of the room as well as I could, and was hastening to the carriage, when I found my way impeded by an assembly of every servant in the house.

"'My dear young lady,' said the old butler, 'we all mean to quit as soon as you are gone; for we will not stay to be ordered by that French madame, whom my poor deluded master has made his wife, and for whose sake he has turned you out of doors.'

"'Turned you out of doors!'—It was the fact certainly; yet I then heard the mortifying and agonizing truth for the first time as it were; and it almost made me wild: nor could I have kept my feet, if I had not caught hold of the bannisters of the staircase for support.

"When I could bear to think, and

then to speak, I told Mansel I wished to speak with him; and I led him into the room in which hung the picture of my mother surrounded by her children. The curtain was still undrawn as I had left it; and falling on my knees before it, I was enabled to shed tears so abundantly, and to pray so fervently, that I rose calmed and supported.

"'Now, Mansel,' said I, 'hear me, and treasure what I say in your memory and your heart. These servants of yesterday may, if they please, quit the service they no longer like;—but how can you reconcile it to your sense of duty to leave, even out of generous feeling towards me, a master so kind as my father has been to you through a long series of years? Remember,' said I, 'my good old man, you are even grown gray in his service.'

"'But, my dear young lady, if a master changes, may not a servant change too?'

" 'No; not unless a master, from being a good master, becomes a cruel and a bad one. My father has always done and still does his duty to you; and it is not your province to resent my quarrels.'

" 'But I can't help it; and we can none of us help it. Do you, can you require me, Miss Adelaide, to take the orders and obey that hateful —— But I must not call names.'

" 'Certainly not; especially as you are speaking of my father's wife. But now, Mansel, let me convince you that you may probably be the means of essentially serving my father, and of serving me by preventing his ruin, if you remain in the family; and I know that if any thing should be going materially wrong, on you I can depend for informing me of it, as a letter addressed to me at the Nunnery boarding-school, at York, will always reach me there.'

" 'Well, my dear young lady,' said Mansel, 'if I can serve or oblige you by staying, stay I will.'

" 'Thank you, my good old friend,' said I, wringing his hand as I spoke. 'And now farewell, beloved mother and beloved children! and farewell to the abode of my ancestors!'

" Here my strength and my fortitude wholly forsook me, and I know not how I got into the carriage. It drove off unfelt by me; and when I recovered from my stupor of grief I found myself some miles on my road, and leaning on the bosom of my weeping attendant.

" We reached London before dark, and drove immediately to my father's town-house, which he inherited from an uncle. It was in the parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, and the garden looked towards the river and the country beyond it.

" Gladly, methought, would I have

been permitted to consider this residence as my home, because I should then have still been under the roof of a parent. But, alas! he was soon about to live in it for a time himself, and I had the misery of remembering that I was exiled from the paternal roof.

"My father had not desired me to write to him; but I was resolved not to act on this omission. I chose to think he wished to hear from me; and I sent word by the servant who drove me, that I should write to him as soon as I was arrived at York;—that I should not remain in London longer than till I had received an answer from the convent, and had procured proper protection in my journey—protection which I was much mortified to think my father himself had not procured me. But I found that in the flutter of my dismissal he had really forgotten to do it; for one of his gardeners, a very steady respectable man,

was sent to see me safe to York, two days only after my arrival in London: and he informed me that my father and his family were likely to visit London directly.

"To delay therefore my journey, under my circumstances, was impossible. Yet I own I loved to linger on that spot where I knew Delaval was residing. However, being fearful of my own resolution, and knowing that the best virtue is to avoid temptation, I resolved to set off directly, lest I should yield to the strong desire which I felt to write to him, and let him know where I was, and all that had happened to me.

"I therefore tore myself from London as soon as I had heard from my friend and relation, and been assured of a welcome: and after a weary and difficult journey of many days I arrived at York.

"How sweet—how soothing—how

healing, is the voice of affection. It was now long since I had heard the voice of affection and interest, except from menials; and my poor burthened heart seemed lightened of its sorrows, while my friend and relation listened to my tale and wept over my situation. She called it weeping over my wrongs; but that I could not allow, as I could not bear to consider my father in any other light than as one 'more sinned against than sinning;' and I always hoped that, however well the mask was fixed on the face of the foreigners, it would at last drop off, and that my father would forgive and receive again his banished child. How often, how very often did the scenes of Lear and Cordelia occur to my memory; and always with a comforting power.

"In one respect my relation and I could not agree. Delaval was her cousin as well as my mother's, and she loved

him as he deserved. She therefore,—blinded, I think, by her partiality,—could not admit that, under the new circumstances under which I was placed, I was bound to adhere so scrupulously to the promise which I had made; and she thought it a duty which I owed Delaval, to inform him, or cause him to be informed, of my father's marriage, of my banishment, and of my present residence.

"I agreed with her that he had a right to know all these things; but I did not think that I ought to be his informant. She therefore undertook to inform him herself.

"The consequence was—what I cannot say that I *feared*, but I expected—that Delaval immediately set off for York; and I was prevailed upon to see him, in the presence of the governess.

"At first he could only say, 'You in

London, and so near me for several days, and I not know it!'

"Still he respected the principle on which I acted too much to reproach me with unkindness; and it was not long before he began on that subject on which I dreaded to listen to him.

"I must own the conflict in my mind was a terrible one. Delaval had lately had a considerable accession of fortune; therefore he did not want my property; and knowing my father to be now an embarrassed man, he would willingly have purchased me of him by a surrender of my inheritance; and having done so, he wanted me to marry him immediately.

"But I persisted in my refusal. Could I have believed that my father would have listened to Delaval's proposal, I should have gladly allowed him to make it; but I was sure that he would have rejected it with indignation, and as a per-

sonal affront. Besides, I knew that he had been taught to hate Delaval, and had hated him ever since he became, as he considered him, the calumniator of his idol. I therefore resisted all the pleadings of my lover; and, what was more difficult to resist, the pleadings of my own heart: and though I bound myself by a vow never to be any one's but his, I declared that his I would never be, while my father retained life and consciousness, *without his consent*. 'And at present,' said I, 'remember I am not of age, and cannot marry you if I would.'

"'True,' replied Delaval; 'but when you are of age, I shall renew my suit; for circumstances may alter your determination. And now,' said he, 'I have to tell you that I am under the necessity of setting off for Spain; part of the property left me is in that country, and I must go to claim it in person; but I

shall return as soon as I possibly can, to be ready to take advantage of any change of prospects.'

"'To Spain!' I exclaimed when I was able to break the spell which consternation had thrown over my utterance; 'To Spain! I cannot bear the thoughts of your going to that gloomy and superstitious country!'

"But Delaval laughed at my fears. However, before we took our last farewell his spirits were as much depressed as my own, and our parting was as dolorous a one as if we had been conscious of what was to happen;—as if we had forboded that we parted for....But I will not anticipate.

"Delaval sailed for Spain; and the governess received a letter from him, announcing his safe landing; and he promised to write again very soon.'

"In the meanwhile let us look back on my father and his new *ménage*. The

old buttler corresponded with Delaval's servant, who remained in London; and he gave a very sad account of the new order of things; all which letters Delaval desired his man to forward to me. From these letters,—in which there was an evident struggle between the old man's wish to tell all he knew, and that respect for his master which urged him to be silent,—I learnt that my father was in great want of money;—that bills were constantly pouring in on all sides;—that the new mistress of the house had considerably reduced the good living in the kitchen;—that œconomy and retrenchment were there the order of the day;—and that even in the higher departments, the table was now showily, but shabbily covered. And still my father saved no money, and was evidently distressed. Besides, the improvements in the gardens were all suspended—a gardener and his man dismissed: and my father's reason

for allowing these retrenchments was, that his wife was likely to bring him a son and heir; and as he might have a large family, he did not know but what he should be obliged at last to let his estate. Still the good old man said his master complained of the expenses of housekeeping; 'And we all suspect,' added he, 'that madame is making a purse for herself.'

"These letters always contained abundance of regrets for my wrongs, and affectionate respect towards me: and as my father never answered my letters, though I wrote every month, I was really glad to receive even this information how he was and what his prospects were.

"Still I could not quite approve this channel of information; and I was hesitating whether I should forbid it or not, when a more proper one was opened to me. A nephew of my friend the governess made acquaintance with young Desborough,

the husband of Adrienne; and from his letters to his aunt I heard details which, from such a quarter, I had no scruple in receiving.

"I learnt that my father had appeared before the accouchement the most attentive, most devoted and passionate of lover-husbands; and that when at length his Angelique presented him with a son and heir, his transports of joy and gratitude were unbounded.

"'I have then once more a brother!' I exclaimed, as the governess read so far; and my heart throbbed with agony at the idea that I might never behold him. He also said that Angelique recovered from her confinement more beautiful than ever; and that conceiving her power now, by the birth of a son, too securely fixed to be ever overthrown, she had usurped sovereign sway, and thrown off much of that appearance of gentle sweetness which had at first made her so captivating: and

one exertion of her power was to prevail on my father to dismiss the old butler, the only remaining old servant; 'who was,' she said, 'she doubted not, a spy on their actions, and who was a decided obstacle in the way of the necessary retrenchments.'

"This last reason was a conclusive one with my father. Besides, I suspect he was not sorry to get rid of the last memento of things as they *had* been; and of, no doubt, a disapproving witness of things as they *were*. The poor old man therefore was discharged as incapable of the necessary service, on his recovery from a severe illness; during which he had been heard only too frequently to say, 'Oh! if poor Miss Adelaide had been here still, I should have had such care taken of me!—such nice things she would have sent me!—aye, and given me too with her own dear hand!'

"These things were repeated to An-

gelique, who, clenching her fist, declared in the presence of Desborough and her daughter, that she would send the old dotard after his dear Miss Adelaide.

"Faithful to her design of getting all she could and saving all she could, Angelique now resolved that her house should no longer be even the temporary resort of Desborough and Adrienne. And on pretence of wanting advice for her little boy, Angelique prepared for a visit of a few weeks to London; and on the plea of the London house not being large enough to accommodate them and their family (for Adrienne also was a mother), she got rid of them entirely as resident guests; for when my father and she returned into Surrey, they gave the young couple no invitation to repeat their visit.

"To dinner, however, they sometimes invited them before they left town; and Desborough once witnessed a scene there which gave me hopes of my father's ulti-

mate emancipation from her thraldom. My father was a man who could be easily persuaded, where he loved and thought he was beloved: but no one could ever force him to compliance; and he was sure to resist where he saw that he was expected to obey. But Angelique was not aware of this trait in his disposition till she put it to the proof.

"There was one day a great party to dinner at my father's; and Angelique (who was going to a fine ball afterwards with Desborough and Adrienne) appeared at table in the family diamonds which my mother used to wear, and which I wore when full-dressed, as there was no eldest son to claim them for his wife. After dinner one of the ear-rings became unfastened, and the consciously beautiful wife tripped gracefully up to my father, and leaning her cheek towards him, while in all the pride of

power she leaned her white arm on his shoulder, desired him to fasten it. He complied, admiring as he did so, and calling on the persons near him to admire the brilliancy of the jewels, and how well they became the wearer; while Angelique still remained leaning on his shoulder, his arm encircling her waist, and he looking up in her face with speaking admiration.

"'The jewels themselves are very well,' replied Angelique coolly; 'but the setting is odious, old-fashioned, and hideous: I must have them new set, *mon petit bon homme!* Indeed, to say the truth, I have already looked at, and chosen a new pattern.'

"'How! Angelique,' cried my father, colouring violently at this assumption of authority to which, in a wife, he had never been accustomed: 'Have I not told you over and over again that I will

not have the jewels new set. If it were only on account of the expense, I would not hear of such a thing.'

"'Oh! but by selling some of the jewels, those of least value, we could defray the whole expense. Come, come, *petit bon homme*,' said she, playfully tapping his cheek; 'you know you will consent at last:—to be sure I expect you to make a noise, and a few wry faces at first; but you know you must comply at last, for I am commanding officer.'

"During this time, Desborough said, my father's countenance exhibited an appearance of indignant astonishment; while it was evident that both his silence and his endurance of her almost contemptuous caress, were the result of perturbed surprise. At length, however, he recovered his self-possession; and shaking off her arm, as he rose with an air of offended dignity off his seat, he said, 'I admit of no commanding officer in this

house, madam, but myself. The jewels of which you speak so contemptuously are family jewels, and go by law to my eldest son; and I have no right to sell or alienate one of them. I have only to add, madam, that the jewels which the honourable Mrs. Falkland, my first wife, and Miss Falkland, her daughter and mine, thought handsome enough for them, I think so for my second wife, the widow of Monsieur du Vernis.'

"He then left the room, begging his guests to excuse him for a short time, leaving Angelique humbled, and thunder-struck, spite of her usual strength of nerve.

"'I was not, I believe,' said Desborough, 'the only one who enjoyed her discomfiture.'

"She had been induced by her vanity to show her absolute power over my father: and he by whom such an exposition could never be tolerated, and had never

been expected, resented the affront in a manner worthy him, but wholly unlooked for by her: and it overcame her so much that she was forced to allow her brother to lead her out of the room, whither my father soon returned:—but he took no notice of her absence.

"Not long after, it seems, Desborough, whose head ached, went to walk in the garden behind the house; and taking the path that led behind a summer-house, he heard Angelique and Mérinville in high debate; nor could he, however unworthy he owned the action to be, forbear to listen.

"'I tell you, Angelique,' said Mérinville, 'your silly vanity has given a blow to your power, which you may never recover.'

"'Absurd! the old fellow will be glad enough to make it up with me: after one fit, and a proper number of tears, he will be my own again. You

pretend to teach me to manage a man, indeed!'

"'Yes, *this* man I do; because I see you have mistaken his character. He is proud and positive. In undervaluing his jewels, and talking of selling some of them, you wounded his family-pride; and in pretending to have them set, spite of his prohibition, you offended against his authority, which has never been disputed, I dare say, before, ever since he was born. Was it not because she wished to thwart his views, and disputed his will, that he banished his daughter? Had she not seemed to defy him, by affronting you, he would never have sent her away. Have as many fits and shed as many tears as you please to conciliate your husband; but be reconciled, I beg, without conditions: if you condition to have the jewels new set, your power is gone for ever. I wish you to succeed, because we could get our jeweller friend to

change some of them for paste, which would be the making of us;—but I see we must give up the design.'

"Angelique had a fit, and my father was alarmed, and forgave her.

"They went to the ball, and all was harmony again. But a day or two after, Angelique, whose vanity was piqued, to prove to her brother that he had undervalued her powers, began again concerning the jewels, in the presence of Desborough.

"'You look ill, Angelique,' said my father.

"'No wonder' she replied in a plaintive tone; 'no wonder—I have not slept since the night of the ball. I am perpetually haunted by images that can never be realized, and wishes which can never be gratified.'

"'Indeed!—the latter position cannot be true, if it be in my power to gratify them.'

"'It is; and you refuse,' said she in a tearful voice; 'and in my present situation I do not know what the consequence may be.'

"'Angelique, dearest Angelique!' said my father; 'if your request is reasonable, and I can indulge it, I will; for precious to my soul are the hopes you now hold out to me.'

"'No, no; more precious far is the obstinate resolution to keep the jewels as they are.'

"'The jewels again!' cried my father.

"'Yes, cruel man! and again and again;—the new setting which I chose, and they, haunt me and fever me; but still, no doubt, they will remain unset.'

"'They will, madam,' replied my father, darting at her a look of angry scorn, and, as Desborough fancied, of suspicion: 'They will, madam, spite of the implied *longings* of a whim-

sical woman.' Then suddenly rising he left the room.

"Angelique being thus again completely foiled, began to think her brother was right, and resolved to make no more attempts; but she chose to have a short illness, or to feign one, in consequence of the denial.

"'But is it not very wrong, and very ill-judged,' continued Desborough to Saumerive (the nephew of the abbess), 'in Miss Falkland not to write to her father? He wonders at her silence, and is highly indignant at it; and he will not, I am sure, forgive her, while she does not seem to wish to be forgiven. And now, too, that the little boy is not likely to live, she had better try to resume her claims.'

"This part of the letter filled me with excessive indignation, for it proved to me that my letters had all been intercepted; and the idea that my father thought me guilty of undutiful resent-

ment and neglect, was sufficiently painful to counteract the hope now held out to me, that my father would in time be, at least in a salutary degree, detached from this dangerous woman. She, however, I still hoped, when she had obtained all she could from my father, would be claimed by her husband, who would come and assure my father that the story of his death was a fabrication of his own for private purposes.

"It was now, therefore, my duty to contrive to get a letter securely into my father's hand, if possible. But before I could fix on the means, news arrived that my little brother was dead, and my father in deep affliction.

"This intelligence made it necessary for me to alter my style of writing, and address him in the language of condolence: but it also made it more binding on me to write as soon as possible; and I hoped I had found a certain means of

conveyance, when news arrived from Spain, which banished from my nearly overthrown mind, every thought but of my own loss, and my own overwhelming misery. Even to this hour I shudder at the recollection of those moments.

"A friend residing in Spain, wrote to inform the governess, that Delaval, having spoken too freely against the power of the Inquisition, had been seized and thrown into its prisons. With this came another letter, written a short time after and in great agitation, stating, that since writing the above, certain intelligence had reached him, that Delaval, after enduring great tortures, at the expiration of only one week from the time of his imprisonment had died in prison.

"The receipt of these terrible letters, which she received in the refectory, from which a bad head-ach kept me that day, affected the governess so much, that she was forced to be conveyed to her room: and when the news of her illness reached

me, and I heard that it was occasioned by letters from Spain, I flew to her apartment; and before she could prevent it, I read the overwhelming intelligence. But let me not dwell on those hours of woe; yet even now I recall them in all their first force, nor can I ever cease to remember them but in the complete oblivion of the grave! In vain did I persist to hope, in vain cause repeated inquiries to be made into the truth of the intelligence. Every fresh account confirmed it, and I at length was convinced of my loss.

"What was the world, what was life itself to me now? Though I rarely saw Delaval, and though I might never be his; yet I knew that he existed, and I knew that he existed for me.

"He was to me next to that unseen and all-pervading Being, of whose existence, though he is invisible, it is a comfort and a support to be convinced, and on whom we rely with confidence in all times of difficulty and danger. In all

my afflictions, I looked up to my unseen Creator as my hope and my comfort, my sure though unseen friend; and then with confiding love I looked towards the distant Delaval as my earthly friend, on whose love and sympathy I could for ever rely. But now he was no more! he was gone to my heavenly friend and comforter,—and earnestly, how earnestly did I pray to follow him!

"Months followed of such depression, that my amiable friend feared for my health, after having only just ceased to fear for my reason: and to heal my mind, she endeavoured to awake in me a wish to leave the world, and join a sisterhood of nuns abroad. And disgust to that world, in which I had known nothing but anguish and mortification, through the means of my best feelings, would perhaps have led me to accede to her proposal, especially as I was now of age, and having received my fortune could

have paid handsomely for my admission, had not the hope still haunted me, that I might yet be serviceable to my beloved father: and while that tie to life and to the world remained, I was resolved to remain at liberty to hasten wherever my duty called me.

"My father, though I knew it not, as soon as he found that his expenses were exceeding his income, put it out of his power to be tempted to use my fortune, by securing it in the hands of trustees; and from them I received it just before the news from Spain arrived, and when I was incapable of attending to business. As soon as I learnt this circumstance, it is not to be doubted, but that I rejoiced in this trait so worthy of my father, and that I was the more eager to remain unfettered for his sake.

"The time for writing to him on the death of his child was now gone by; but still I resolved to write, as soon as I had

learnt, through the means of Mr. Saumerive, where he then was, and what was the state of his affairs. The account I received was such as to fill me not only with excessive fears for his health and safety, but also with hope for myself; as I thought the hour rapidly approaching when he might need the aid of his long exiled child; and like another Lear, deserted and forlorn, might want the help of his poor child Cordelia.

Saumerive learnt, through Desborough, that my father's embarrassments were such that he had been obliged to offer his estate for sale, dismiss the greater part of his servants, and reside at his London house;— that Angelique, with her child, lost great part of her hold on the affections of my father, especially as, having now nearly gained all she could from his indulgence and his carelessness, she had thrown off the mask; and that constant quarrels had succeeded to their former tenderness: nay,

that once she had been provoked to threaten my father, that she would be revenged on him. It seems, that having no longer any motive to spare my father, her brother and herself resumed their office of spy; and having taken care to let their employers know that Du Vernis was, they found, alive; and that therefore, as Angelique's marriage with my father was void, it was not a husband whom she was betraying, they advised the government to send down, as a friend of theirs, one of their agents, before whom they would lead my father to utter such things as *must* justify his being taken up and confined, even *du secret*, without the power of redress or liberation;—for then that blessed guardian of the liberty of the subject, the habeas corpus act, did not exist in all its force as it does now, and I might never have known where to seek the injured parent whom I had lost. But government did not act upon this hint

(though my father grew every day more obnoxious to them through the intemperance of his language, and his association with the disaffected,) till he took up his abode in London; and then Mérinville introduced at his now frugal table one of the spies of the ministers.

"But a still more dreadful visitation was hanging over London and its inhabitants, than the system of *espionage*; for THE PLAGUE again broke out in the northern part of the city, and death was watching for its crowds of victims.

"The first news of it reached me in November 1664; but as only two persons died of it then, and those not near the abode of my father, I flattered myself that the contagion would not spread; and I remained contentedly at York, though the distance was such, that, had there been any reason to apprehend an increase of this horrible scourge, I could

not have borne to be where days must elapse before I could learn tidings of my endangered parent. But when, in the February of 1665, there was reason to apprehend that it had burst out with increased violence, I could no longer bear to remain at a distance from the scene where I knew my poor father to be, and exposed to such danger,—such varied danger too,—and I resolved to set off immediately for the vicinity of the metropolis.

"Nor could my kind relation oppose my acting on the impulse of filial duty, though she fervently begged me to remember, that I must not expose my own life needlessly, and that, till absolutely wanted, I ought not to venture into the scene of death. She then wept over me, and prayed for me; she also tied a holy relic round my neck; insisted on binding an amulet round my arm; and then, with a look and a gesture which I shall

never forget, so expressive was the one, and so graceful the other, commended me to the care of Providence.

"But how poor, spite of her praises, my own intended self-devotion appeared to myself! What was there in life now left to charm me? To save the life of my father by my exertions, even at the risk of my own, was now the only cheering prospect before me, or to die with him, the highest object of my ambition. What sacrifice then was I making? And as the virtue of an action like this depends on the weight of the cross one takes up, and the blessings one resigns, my Christian humility was in no danger from the praises of the governess, and I wandered forth, judging of my intended exertions more soberly than she did. I was accompanied by my maid, and an old priest, who was going into the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and I took up my abode within ten miles of the visited city. It was now the

month of May, and even then the appearance of the roads was painfully appalling.

"The noble, the rich, the young, the old, were seen thronging in all directions, anxious to escape from the burning breath of contagion. 'Nothing was to be seen but waggons and carts with goods, women, servants and children, and coaches filled with people of the better sort, and horsemen attending them, and all hurrying away. Then empty waggons and carts appeared, and spare horses with servants, who it was apparent were returning, or sent from the country to fetch more people; besides innumerable men on horseback. Some alone, others with servants, and all evidently fitted out for travelling*.' But oh! to see the mournful expression of some of these poor fugitives! Some seemed, by their pale cheek, their purple lip, and their heavy eye, to carry with them, unconsciously, the disorder from

* Daniel de Foe's History of the Plague.

which they fled; others were continually looking back as they drove rapidly along, as if they had left what they most loved behind, and regretted their selfish flight. Some were wringing their hands and wailing in loud lament, as if they had lost all that made life valuable, and were carried away by force to save an existence of which they were weary;—and all these appearances seemed to prove so unequivocally the terrible and triumphant dominion of this awful scourge, that when the poor priest and I parted, he felt a firm conviction that he should see me no more but in another world; and his parting benediction was so solemn, so sad, and so impressive, that it still seems to sound in my ears.

"I took up my abode at an inn, where fugitives usually stopped, by which means I could obtain information from the city, and learn where the contagion raged the most. In the mean while I wrote down

the best method of treating it, which I had been taught by two medical men at York, who had lived in countries visited by the plague, with the best means to prevent infection: and learning that Southwark was as yet an uninfected part of the town, I removed thither, and hired a lodging at a small house on the banks of the Thames.

"Here I learnt a deplorable account indeed, from groups of persons in the streets, not only of the ravages which the plague was making, but also of the cruelties practised for the love of gain and pillage, by the nurses, the watchmen, and others, on the helpless and dying victims: and when I reflected with what unprincipled and rapacious beings my father was connected, I dreaded lest, if the plague should attack, and even spare him, the work of death might be performed by less merciful influence.

"It now remained for me to learn

whether my father had fled the city; and I was resolved to go at nightfall, and reconnoitre the ground myself: but I chose to go to the house alone, as I felt that I had no right to expose any life but my own; and I commanded my weeping maid to remain at the lodging.

"I now had the misery to hear that the plague raged most violently in the parish of St. Giles's, and in the street where my father lived; therefore I instantly hired a horse and cart, and a man to drive me, and set off on my journey. It was some miles from Southwark to St. Giles's, and all the way I went the roads were thronged with fugitives from the infected regions. The poor beast that dragged us seemed to suffer under the fatal calm and fairness of the weather; for no wind refreshed the fervid air, no drop of rain moistened the dry earth, and refreshed, with its reviving dew, the weary traveller and the slow-pacing horse. At length

we reached an inn not far from the fatal place to which we were hastening; but which, standing in an insulated situation, and cut off from any communication with other buildings, seemed as healthy a place as could be found at such a time of insecurity.

"Here I resolved to stop and bait the horse; and I walked out in the mean while to procure from some shops, which I saw across a field, the medicines, the cordials, the food, and other things for household use, which I thought I might want; I also procured changes of apparel for myself. On entering the room appropriated to me in the inn, which was on the first floor, I found my driver waiting for me; and concluding he was going to tell me he had gained some new and important information, I said in rather a loud voice, 'Well, my good man! make haste, what have you to tell me?'

"I had scarcely said these words, when

heard an exclamation from the next room of 'Merciful father! what voice is that? It is, it must be Miss Adelaide her own self!'

"I waited to hear no more, for I was sure it was the poor old butler; and rushing into the next room I found it was he indeed; but sitting up in an arm-chair supported by pillows, and seeming as if his last hour was approaching. What our meeting was, and what our greetings, I will not stop to describe;—suffice, that I obtained from him most important information. He told me that Mérinville and Angelique had only just left the inn where we were; they having halted there to send off some of their packages to the nearest wharf; that they had slept at the inn the night before, and had sat in the room which I occupied; that he had overheard them speak, and recognised their voices as he had mine; and that, having been forced to share their room

with two French gentlemen, they had luckily for him, been obliged to talk confidentially in English:—he had therefore heard all they said. And Angelique, who had come alone or with only servants to the inn, where Mérinville had met her, told Mérinville that she had informed my father she had discovered her husband was living, and that on his being seized with symptoms of the plague she had assured him she felt it was her duty now to go, and not stay to nurse him; and that she had taken advantage of his excessive weakness, and inability to move, to make prize of all the money, plate, and such of the furniture and linen as she could remove; the servants not interfering, as they believed she was still their mistress, and was only moving them to a place of greater security. 'And what,' asked Mérinville, 'became then of the arrest of Falkland, which was to have taken place that night?'

"'Oh! I told the officers Falkland was ill of the plague; and they fled with precipitation. The servants too left the house—all but two of them, and I also went away as fast as I could; but telling the servants I meant to return as soon as I had deposited the things in a place of safety:—that done, I said I would return with advice, and see if their master could not be moved.'

"'Well, but I hope,' said Mérinville, 'you did not forget to bring with you the casket of jewels, which the old fellow never would let out of his own custody, since he found you had such a mind to them.'

"'I protest,' said Angelique, 'I forgot it: besides, they are in the closet in his chamber, with a brace of loaded pistols lying on the bed, which I dare not touch; and weak as he was, he would have seized me, and, perhaps, held a

pistol to my head, had I offered to take them.'

" 'Fool!' replied Mérinville, 'do you think I will sail without them?'

" 'You must,' she replied; 'for now contagion and death guard them from you, and life is certainly not worth risking even for jewels like these.'

" Here the conversation ended; and here ended the good old man's story, to which I listened with alternate wretchedness and despair, and with hope and confidence.

" 'Well then, I have no time to lose,' cried I, starting up. 'Cruel woman! to leave him to perish!'

" But when I told old Mansel my errand, and what I was there for, I thought that his contending emotions would have killed him; for fear for me combated his joy at knowing that my going might save his master. But he knew my resolution

was not to be moved, and he could only pray for me, and pray that he might live to see me return in safety and his master recovering.

"I now only waited to borrow of the good old man all the changes of linen which he could spare, and a coat. I bought one also of the landlord, and sheets and blankets: but he distressed me much by saying that he was sure that I should not gain admittance to my father: while packing up these things, I was teased by poor Mansel's regrets that his linen was so coarse; and by his expressions of modest shame, that ever his master should wear clothes or linen of his.

"'But remember,' cried I almost pettishly, 'this horrid woman has probably taken away all his clothes and linen; and this, even were it coarser, would be a refreshment to him.'

"I had time to inquire into his own little history, while packing up for my

departure, and I learned that the good old man had been thus far on his way, meaning to come to York, and end his days near me; but that he had been unable to proceed; and that as the landlord and his wife were kind to him, there he should remain, and await my return, or some message from me. 'If, after a certain time neither you nor message come, I shall have lived only too long,' added he, bursting into tears, 'and then I shall pray to be released directly.'

"I wrung his hand in silence, for I could not speak, and rose to depart, when we heard voices in the next room, one of which spoke in an angry tone, the other in the touching accents of lamentation. The latter was a female voice—and never can I forget the words which it uttered.

"'Let me go back, my brother! let me go back to our poor father! O that

I had never been prevailed upon to leave him!'

"'Stuff! nonsense! sentimental nonsense!' replied the other: "What good could you do him? You know he must die: and if you had staid, you might have died too. You ought to thank me for having forced you away.'

"'No, never can I. It would have been better for me to have died in the performance of my duty, than live in torture, and die by inches from remorse for having neglected it. I tell you, George,' she added, with the very yell of utter despair, 'I shall never, never be happy again!'

"What support, what comfort must this dreadful dialogue have been to me! I received it on my knees in heartfelt thankfulness. 'No,' said I to myself, 'the duties are never, never to be violated with impunity.'

"It seemed indeed that my overhear-

ing this scene was indeed providential; as an express sent by my faithful servant now arrived at the inn-door, and desired the parcel he brought to be given to me instantly.

"I opened it with trembling impatience. On the address was—'To be sent after her *immediately*, with all possible haste, wherever she is.' And on the envelope was written, in my relation's hand, 'You have borne affliction well, my child. I pray that you may be enabled to bear unexpected joy as well.' I then opened the letter, and found that Delaval was alive, was well, was in England, and then within a three days journey of York!!!"

"I cannot describe my first emotions; but they certainly were those of unmixed joy and thankfulness. He lived!—and I might now look forward indeed to being his! And his letter to the governess, but meant for me, breathed nothing but love, hope, and unabated confidence!

"But when I recollected my father, and remembered that I was going probably to my death; and going to wring so cruelly the heart that had loved me, unlike my father's, with unabated tenderness, my resolution failed, and I resolved to fly to my lover;—and not go from the forlorn hope of saving him who might not be capable of being saved, to risk, perhaps to lose my own life, and destroy the happiness of a most exemplary being. But at this moment of struggling and fainting virtue, I recollected the terrible breathings of remorse which I had just heard; and clasping my hands together I murmured out, 'I thank thee, gracious preserver! Not in vain was this warning sent, and I go to my duty!'

"I then wrote a few hurried lines to the governess, conjuring her not to tell Delaval whither I was gone, or why; but simply to assure him that in life and in

death he would ever be the dearest object of my thoughts and of my prayers; and that I trusted, a love so pure and faithful as ours, would be renewed in another and a better world.

"This letter was not sealed, so eager was I to send it and set off on my sad journey; and I desired the express to go with it as far as he could himself, and send it on by expresses all the way. It so happened that the man was an old servant of Delaval's; and he was so overjoyed to hear his master still lived, that had I asked him to walk with it to York, he would no doubt have at that moment thought himself equal to the undertaking.

"The hour of my setting off was now really arrived; and followed by the prayers of Mansel and the good people of the house, I got into my well-loaded cart, and proceeded on my way. Walking on the road, and supported by a fierce-look-

ing young man, I saw a pale miserable wild-looking young woman; and in her mournful tone, as I drew near her, I recognised the child who had deserted her sick father. Oh! how my heart beat with renewed thankfulness as I said within myself, 'But I am going to mine!'

"As I drove through some of the streets on my way, London seemed scarcely to resemble its former self. All houses were shut up; red crosses were on the doors, with the inscription of 'Lord have mercy upon us!' The streets were deserted; and grass growing amidst the stones, proved how long a period had elapsed since the foot of busy man had habitually trodden there: while men in office passed slowly and singly along, bearing a red wand in their hands, to mark that it might be dangerous to approach them; and the cries from the windows of 'Pray for us!' and the dismal

call of 'Bring out your dead!' mingled dreadfully and appallingly with the rumbling sound of the approaching death-carts, and the deep tolling of the bell for that last mournful ceremony, which now was bereft by haste and fear of all its impressive and sadly-soothing solemnity.

"Oh! how I shuddered as the first pest-cart passed, as night was now rapidly spreading around me. 'How do I know,' thought I, 'whom that cart of varied victims may not contain!' The thought was too terrible, and I conjured my driver to quicken the pace of his horse.

"He did so; and as St. Giles's church struck nine we reached the street in which stood the house of my father. That house was the last in the row; and to avoid observation I desired the man to wait with his cart in a little alley by the gable-end of the house, while I with trembling feet walked to

the door, on which I beheld the portentous red cross, and its accompanying prayer.

"As I expected, a watchman guarded the door; and I knew that he would refuse to admit me, as he was bound so to do, on pain of the severest penalty. Still I hoped to succeed in my application, if my father yet lived: but I resolved not to offer him a bribe of money till I found all other applications hopeless; for I thought, if he were one of the wicked watchmen of whom I had heard, he might murder me as well as my father for the sake of the money I had about me.

"We had a lighted dark lantern with us in the cart, and with this in my hand I went up to my father's door. My dress was the deepest mourning, and I wore a sort of long white veil resembling the veil of a novice. I did this, in hopes that I might thus be able to conceal myself from my fa-

ther's knowledge, if he was quite sensible, as I feared the sight of me might overcome him too much; and I also hoped that he might fancy me some member of a religious order, who had undertaken to nurse the sick.

"But as this dress was singular, and as my figure was tall and thin, I was not surprised that the watchman started and crossed himself as I approached. However this was, the momentary fear I caused was the means of my obtaining one useful piece of information. I found this watchman was a Catholic; and I hoped he would be the more willing to oblige me when he heard I was of his own faith.

"Is it wonderful, that now that I was at my poor father's door, and able by one question to remove my anxiety, I could not utter a word, and stood silent and motionless, as if I had really been the unearthly thing he took me for at

first? At length, however, in a faint voice, I said, 'Is not this Mr. Falkland's house?'

"'It is.'

"'Does he yet live?' I asked in a trembling tone: and as I did so, I turned the lantern towards me, and the light fell upon my agitated countenance.

"The watchman instantly answered, 'I cannot tell; but I hope, nay I think, he does.'

"And my convulsive 'Thank God!' was not heard by him without sympathy; for his tone was tremulous as he added, 'But I fear there is little hope for him. One of his servants is dead and buried; and as I have heard nothing of the other, I fear she is dead too; and I know the doctor, who is dead himself since, had little hope of him.'

"'But he is not yet dead, you think?'

"'I do think so.'

"'Then I conjure you to let me see

him directly. I bring medicines, cordials, every thing: and I am come hundreds of miles in the hope, if he was ill, that I might be able to save him.'

"'I cannot—I dare not—it is—it is indeed impossible.'

"'No; not if you can feel for me and my anxiety. Hear me, I conjure you,' cried I. 'By this cross' (showing him one I had in my bosom) 'I conjure you, by this symbol of our mutual faith (for you I see are a Catholic), open that forbidden door, and let me hasten to see and to save my father!'

"'Your father! Mr. Falkland your father! Poor thing! poor thing! I have a mother myself, whom I would not lose for any thing; and I can feel for you.'

"'Go in, and the blessing of God go with you!'

"The door opened, and with difficulty, for something opposed the opening; and

I felt very sick when I discovered that it was the body of the poor maid-servant. But I struggled with this feeling; and while the watchman went out to call the dead-cart, whose awful rumbling was heard in the street at a distance, I tottered up to the chamber of my father.

"With a trembling hand I opened the door of the dark and suffocating room, and anxiously listened to hear whether he breathed or not. He did breathe audibly; he also moved audibly in his bed. Life therefore was not extinct; and with renewed thankfulness and hope I returned on the light step of gladness to the door, and told the watchman where to find my coach, and to bring me instantly a large basket which it contained. He did so, before the death-cart was at all near the door; but till it had driven off again with its

load he begged me to take care I was not seen.

"I now (seated in a chair, at the extremity of the room, for I dared not yet look at my father,) unpacked my basket, lighted a taper at the light of my lantern, and with a cordial medicine in one hand and the candle in the other, I approached the bedside, and gently undrew the curtain. But when I gazed upon that beloved face, and saw it so changed, so indicative of disease and death, I turned away, and even groaned aloud. The sound seemed to arouse him, and I dropped my veil. But seeing, alas! that though he looked, he saw not, I turned it up again; and feeling the faint and rapid pulse, I resolved to get down the cordial as fast as possible.

"The poor invalid made no resistance, so my task was easy; and I got down quite as much as my instructor would, I

thought, have recommended. I ventured next to open the window; and as there was a thorough light, I was able to make a thorough air; and soon by that means and the burning of herbs and of some gums which I had with me, the smell of disease and the feeling of suffocating heat disappeared considerably; and when I had changed the pillow-case I fancied that my father lay his head down in the cool and clean linen with a feeling of relief. But his apparent quiet did not last long. He again became restless, and delirium succeeded; his cheek became more flushed, and he talked incessantly; and sometimes with uncontrollable emotion I heard him pronounce my own name; and 'My child!' 'My poor Adèle!' and sometimes 'Vile unfeeling woman!' and 'Go to your husband then, go!' were distinctly uttered.

"It was now I thought the time for administering the medicine recommend-

ed to me, and I did so; for any thing of liquid, poor soul! seemed to be welcome to his parched lips; and even sooner than I expected, the restlessness of fever subsided, and he fell asleep.

"It would be absurd to say that this night was to me a night of happiness, because my anxiety was still as great as my hopes; and I knew not but that I myself was at that moment inhaling contagion and certain death. Still, when I found myself once more in the presence of that parent, whom even in his estrangement from me I had ever tenderly loved and truly honoured,—when I thought that by my timely presence I should perhaps be permitted to save his life, and hear him name me ere long not only his beloved child, but his preserver,—my heart was filled, nay was choked with emotions of the most pleasurable kind: and I declare that I have experienced far less lively sensations of enjoyment when I have since

worn away the night in the gay scenes of a court-ball, and glittered in the royal circle, in the rank and splendour of a countess.

"A little before six my friend the watchman, who was then going off his watch, knocked at the door to know how my patient was; and he roused me from a most painful contemplation: for as the yellow beams of morning light shone, through the white curtains, on my poor father's face, which was now no longer flushed with the crimson of fever, I was again so shocked and terrified with his wan and death-like appearance, that I hung over him with suspended breath, expecting every instant to see him breathe his last before me. I could hardly therefore speak when I opened the door to my kind inquirer; who, alarmed at my look, went up to the bed regardless of the danger, and gazed closely and earnestly on the unconscious invalid.

"'He is not dying, nor like to die, dear young lady,' said he, 'if that is what you fear; for there is a gentle dew on his skin, which I have heard say is favourable; and those who die in the plague usually die in agony and raving.'

"'Thank you!—thank you!' I exclaimed, or rather I sobbed out; 'But O how long it will seem to me till I see you again!—But come away now—I can't let you stay, for fear you should catch the infection.'

"'I shall be here,' said he, 'as St. Giles's clock strikes ten; and till then God bless you! But let me beg you not to let the day-watch, who is rather a queer body, get a peep at you. I will tell him all is going well above stairs;—that he need make no inquiries, for that there is nothing wanted.'

"He then went away. But his assurances that my father was better had

a most cheering effect on me; and I hoped that I might find the day, uncheered by the voice of kindness and of sympathy, less long than I feared.

"As my father still slept, I resolved to leave the door open, that I might hear if he stirred or spoke, and then explore the other rooms, to see if I could not get him moved into another apartment, and on a clean bed. But first I changed my own dress from black to white; not only because I had heard that the black dye retained contagion longest, but that I thought my black dress, if my father could distinguish objects at all, would make him know that I was not the servant who had waited on him before. I next opened all the windows at the back of the house; and as the spare chamber opposite my father's had windows which opened on the garden and the fields, and as the bed wanted nothing but sheets, I

resolved to move my father thither, as soon as I could do it with safety; and then, by locking up the infected rooms, after having opened the windows and lighted a fire in them, I hoped to prevent the infection from spreading by our means. For myself I had no fear, and therefore I believed I was in no danger; and this conviction helped no doubt to preserve me.

"I soon discovered which was the room of the poor maid-servants; and having deluged it first with some of the pails of water which the good watchman had fetched me in before he went away, I set open the windows, and lighted a fire in it. And in doing this, in sheeting the bed, in unpacking and arranging my things, and above all in administering to the wants of my still unconscious invalid, I felt the day pass with tolerable rapidity. Eat I could not; but a little wine and a

morsel of bread were sufficient to sustain me during a time of such excitement.

"At about nine o'clock, and when I was thinking with pleasant anticipation of the return of my humble friend as soon as I should hear the next clock strike, my father, whose pulse was now considerably fuller and much reduced, awoke from his sleep, and called 'Martha' in a much stronger and clearer tone than he had yet spoken; and while every fibre trembled with hope and with emotion, I let down my veil, and in a whisper said, 'Here I am, sir.'

"'Poor girl!' said my father, 'I am glad to hear it; for I feared you were gone and left me, like every body else—But no—I recollect—I feared you were dead too. You have been very ill, have you not?'

"'Yes, sir, very (still whispering);

but I am got well, though I have lost my voice: and so will you get well, sir.'

"'No, Martha, no; nor do I wish it. What should I live for? I have nobody to love me now—no one—no one—' Then heaving a deep sigh, he hid his face in the pillow; but starting up again he said, 'But, Martha, how is this? The pillow seems fresher, and the air cooler and sweeter; and I believe you gave me many refreshing things in the night; and yes, I really do think I am better. But did you do this, Martha? To be sure—No—no—it could not be Angelique: was it not you, Martha?'

"'It was I, sir,' I replied, nearly inarticulate with emotion.

"'And I should like something more to take immediately.'

"Having taken the precaution to put on my gloves, lest he should see the hand was not that of a servant, I gave him some

wine and some bread dipped in it; and it was with great joy that I saw he ate it without difficulty and with evident pleasure.

"'Then it is not a delusion!' said I to myself; 'and he will recover.'

"He now, while begging me to shake up his pillow for him, which I sprinkled with a sweet refreshing water, looked earnestly at me, and asked me if my eyes were weak, that I wore a veil.

"I answered 'Yes; but that I ought to be thankful to have had my life spared, even with the loss of my voice and my sight.'

"'To be sure you ought; and I ought to be thankful even if I am forced to live without any tie or comfort in the world; for the comforts I once had, my own folly has deprived me of. Well, I have something to say to you, Martha, if I should not recover;—But not now, I have talk-

ed too much.' And then, exhausted, but calmly, he fell asleep.

"Ten o'clock at length struck; and I heard the hall-door unlock, and very soon a tap at the chamber door announced my kind visitant.

"'How do you go on?' said he. And the good creature seemed delighted at my account.

"'How is your mother?' I inquired.

"'She holds well—quite well; but I take care to pull off my coat before I go home, lest it should be dangerous. I assure you, miss, you have my mother's prayers, as well as mine; and she says she should so like to see you.'

"My father now moved, and my humble friend retired.

"'Martha,' said my father, 'whose voice was that?'

"'The watchman's, sir; he is so kind

and attentive, when you get well, sir, you must reward him handsomely.'

"'I! I reward him, child! My folly and extravagance have left me not the power to do it; but I know there is one who will do it, and can do it, thank heaven! Martha, you too are very good, and she would reward *you*, if she knew it.'

"'Who would, sir?'

"'Who! why my daughter, to be sure.'

"Here he again heaved a deep sigh, and fell asleep.

"He awoke about three hours after; and I found by his voice that his strength was much renewed.

"'Martha,' said he, 'what was I saying when I fell asleep?—Oh!—I remember now:—I said my child would reward you. Yes, and I am sure she will;—for though it was very unkind in her never to write to me during all this

time, still I am sure she will forgive and forget all when I am dead.'

"An almost convulsive sob now burst from me, spite of myself, and startled him excessively.

"'Why, Martha,' said he, 'what ails you?'

"'Your—your talking of dying, sir; I can't bear it.'

"'Good, kind girl!' said he. 'How strange it is now, that this creature, whom I have not known long, should feel for me—and stay with me—and nurse me, when those who....Pshaw! I must not think that way....However, Martha, I am glad, very glad, that you have had this malady, as it can't do you any harm to nurse me. I could not bear to make victims. Yes, and that reconciles me to the absence of my poor child Adèle: I should have been so afraid of her catching the fever! Now, thank God! she is hundreds of miles off, and in no danger;

and now she will hear nothing of it till it is all over and I am gone, and she can do nothing for me.'

"'Do you then think, if she had known of your danger, she would have come?'

"'Yes, I do believe she would; and sometimes I suspect she has written; and that the letters were kept from me; for I have had to deal with sad folks.'

"'Aye, sir,' said I, speaking with great effort; 'I have no doubt your daughter wrote often, very often.'

"'Why how should you know any thing on that subject? You did not see the letters come, did you?'

"'No, sir: but then Miss Falkland has too good a character for me to believe she could neglect you.'

"'True, Martha, true; you are a sensible good girl; and I dare say Adèle did write, and often too. O fool! credulous fool, that I have been!'

"Here I insisted on giving him some cordial medicines, and on his not talking so much. The medicine he thankfully took; but he persisted in talking, because he said he wanted to relieve his mind, and give me a commission. However, as he found I would not answer, he desisted at last, and gradually fell asleep;—and thus another night passed. The next morning he reminded me that he had a commission to give me.

"'Martha,' said he, 'when I am dead, take under your care, and never lose sight of it, a casket in that closet. My attorney knows there is such a thing, for I told him of it as soon as I had reason to be wary; and I was going to put it under his care when I was taken ill. It contains my family jewels, and some left by a relation to Adelaide at my death;—these are her property, therefore, the only property her rash father

can leave her. Let them be given to the care of my attorneys, Williams and Co., 29, Throckmorton-street ; and do see her yourself, and tell her how bitterly I repented my unkindness to her, and that I blessed her with my last breath.'

"Here I could not contain myself; but wept aloud.

"'Tender-hearted girl!' said he kindly; 'well, I will talk no more in this manner. There, Martha, in that closet is the casket, and on it a brace of loaded pistols that go off with a touch; so take care how you handle them.'

"I now recollected that it was chiefly 'fear of handling these pistols' which had prevented Angelique from carrying off the casket. But at the same time I recollected with no small alarm, that Mérinville had called her fool, and declared he would not sail without the jewels.

"There is no knowledge or power, however insignificant, that may not be turned to account some time or other. I, at this moment, was comforted by knowing that I possessed a power not usually possessed by a woman. To explain:—When I was about fourteen, I was weakly afraid of the report and even of the sight of fire-arms; and one day when my father shot at a hawk in the garden, I fell down and nearly fainted. He therefore, who, though he admired feminine delicacy, was no patron of feminine fears, insisted on teaching me to load and fire both a gun and a pistol, as the means of curing this irritability of nerves; and as his word was law, I obeyed, though I began my new course of instruction with a trembling hand, and a beating heart. The plan succeeded so completely, that my father then saw danger of my becoming too fond of my new acquirement; he therefore told me, as shooting at a

mark was too masculine an amusement for a woman, he advised me to keep my proficiency in it a secret: and I had even forgotten it myself, till these words of my father's recalled it to my mind, with a feeling of thankfulness.

"I now began to perceive that my father's sight was rapidly returning—a proof of returning strength, and therefore welcome to me. But it convinced me that I could not long remain concealed from him; and if he was no longer so very weak, there was no longer any danger to him in the disclosure. Yes, there was one obstacle to it—the fear for me which he would immediately feel: I therefore resolved to remain unknown by him as long as I could.

"The clock had now struck twelve, and I believed my father was certainly dozing, if not asleep, when I heard a noise in the back of the house; and as I listened in fearful expectation on the

landing-place, I was convinced that some persons had broken into the house from the garden, and were then entering the hall; therefore I could not summon my defender. Nor, as the windows of the chamber did not look into the street, but were at some distance from it, could I call him that way. And I stood almost stupid with fear upon the stairs-head, when I heard a voice that I knew to be Mérinville's, say, in broken English, 'Go up, you dogs! What are you afraid of? If he is dead, I suppose you have seen a dead man before; and if he is alive, it will be easy to dispatch him.'

"'Tis as I feared,' thought I, retreating into the room: and thinking that the jewels would be well bestowed to purchase my father's life, I opened the closet door; and having carefully taken the pistols off, and laid them down on the floor, I was ready to come forward and proffer the casket.

"I found that Mérinville, afraid of infection, and wishing to unite safety and gain, did not enter the room; but, at the door, directed them to the closet; telling them to take care of the pistols lying on the casket. And while the men, averse evidently to the task, stopped to wonder whether the old gentleman was alive or dead—as, though there were lights, there was no one in the room—Mérinville cursed them for cowards; and my father awoke at the noise.

"The men were now in the room; and Mérinville, hearing him say 'Who is there?' said, on the outside of the door, 'Go, kill him—go!' But just as they approached the bed, I threw open the closet-door: and the sight of my phantom-like dress and figure and pale cheek so terrified them, that they fled precipitately, nearly overturning Mérinville in their flight, who, thinking my father armed with the pistols was at their

heels, followed them himself with the utmost haste:—and for the present I felt that all danger was over. But before I could hasten to summon the watchman, (having first assured myself that the ruffians had left the house,) my attention was called to my nearly fainting father; who, fixing his eyes on me, faltered out, 'It must be so!—It is she!—It is my child!'

"Having said this, he stretched out his arms to me; but instantly fell back insensible on his pillow; and it was several minutes before I could restore him to life. But when I succeeded, never shall I forget his eloquent look as he saw me bending over him, nor the affectionate embrace which followed, in which all the past was forgotten, and the present alone remembered.

"My father now suddenly released me from his arms, and with a look of agony and terror conjured me never to come near him again, exclaiming,

'Wretch that I am! I have killed, I have destroyed my pious and precious child!'

"At this moment, and before I could say any thing to pacify him, I heard a heavy foot on the stairs, without having heard the hall-door open; therefore I knew it could not be the watchman: and my father heard it too.

"'They are coming again,' cried he; 'and I fear I can't protect you! O merciful Father! save her, and let me perish!'

"'Hush!' whispered I; 'remember here are pistols, and you know that I can use them.'

"I then took the pistols from the closet, and laying one on the chair near me, I cocked the other, and stood behind the curtain, prepared for defence.

"The door now opened, and, as I expected, Mérinville entered.

"'I am not fool enough to be scared

by phantoms and ghosts,' said he in French with great volubility; 'therefore I am come back for my prize.'

"'Wretch!' cried my father, 'what crime are you coming to perpetrate?'

"'Mérinville,' cried I, drawing aside the curtain a little way; 'I conjure you to depart, and leave these crimes unperpetrated.'

"'Adelaide! Yes, it is Adelaide herself,' cried he: 'Who should have thought it? But you shall not deprive me of the jewels.'

"'You shall have my life first,' cried my father, vociferating for help in a voice whose strength surprised and appalled the ruffian, and convinced him that he had no time to lose: hastening therefore to the bed, he was about to silence my father probably for ever, when I, starting forward, levelled my pistol at him, and drew the trigger; but in vain!—it flashed in the pan. And Mérinville darted round

the bed, to vent his rage on me; but being ready armed with the other weapon of death, I aimed, I fired, and he fell on the floor.

"In another instant the watchman, summoned by the sound, rushed into the room, and found me standing motionless by the bleeding Mérinville; shocked, terrified, and stunned, at what my weak hand had achieved.

"'Thou blessed young creature! did you do this?' said my kind friend.

"'He is not dead,' said I wildly; 'do not tell me he is dead! let me not think I have committed murder!'

"The watchman now raised the body up, and declared he believed that he was not even mortally wounded: and soon after Mérinville, recovering his senses entirely, raised himself on his knees.

"'Thank Heaven!' I exclaimed most fervently.

"'Amen!' cried my father, 'for I

should have been sorry to see thee, unhappy man, go to thy dread account so unprepared to meet it, and sent thither by my child.'

"'Come, sir, you must go with me,' said the watchman: 'such folks as you must not be suffered to go at large; and after your wound is dressed I must carry you to the first watch-house.'

"But Mérinville pleaded so hard to be allowed to escape, that, as I too favoured the side of mercy, my father commissioned the watchman to do nothing but support him to the house of a surgeon, and leave him then, to go whithersoever he pleased.

"Accordingly he supported him down stairs, for he could not stand alone; and with a thankful heart I prepared to administer more medicines and wine to my father, when I recollected that Mérinville's accomplices might return; and having communicated my fears to him, he

advised me to reload the pistols; and till the return of the watchman we remained in a state of the most fearful and agonizing suspense.

"The watchman (whose name was Brent) now came up stairs, and was a little startled to see me still armed, as if expecting more violence. But when I told him that the back of the house was still open, and that Mérinville's accomplices might yet be on the premises, he declared that my precaution was quite right; and come what come might, he would watch inside the hall till daylight came, and that the next day he would send proper persons to repair the breaches.

"But we had no more cause for fear that night; and before six o'clock arrived, my father declared that he could bear to be moved into the other room, where there were locks and double bolts. This was

indeed a relief to my mind; as was also the intelligence that Mérinville was not mortally wounded, but that his wound and weakness were such that he was not likely to stir for weeks; and finding him to be a gentleman who (as Mérinville said) had been shot in a love frolic, the surgeon allowed him to lodge in his house.

"I was now really oppressed as it were with the sense of the mercies which I had received; and when by the aid of the good Brent I saw my rapidly recovering parent lying in a clean and healthy bed, and breathing a pure and salubrious air, I found it impossible to clothe my feelings in words, and I could only weep and lift up my heart in silent thankfulness to my Creator.

"Time now flew on rapid wings; and the day was too short for what my father had to tell and to ask, and I to ask and

tell in return. And O how sweet it was now to talk of Delaval with my father! But I was really forced to break from him sometimes, to escape from the painful expressions of his gratitude—a word which ought never to be used from a parent to a child; and also in order to prevent him from talking himself ill again. Those who have watched over convalescence like this, know that such convalescents are always inclined to talk unceasingly.

"Night, the fourth night since my arrival, was now come. My father was trying to sleep, and I had thrown myself on a mattress on the floor beside him, when a gentle tap was heard at the bolted door, and I heard the voice of Brent begging to speak to me. But I made him speak again, and convince me also by what he said that he was indeed Brent, before I would open the door. At length I did so; and in one moment I found

myself clasped to the bosom of Delaval.

"All recollections, all consciousness, but that he was there—that I held his hand—that I gazed on his face—were at that moment utterly annihilated. And when I heard my father forbid him to come near him, but add to the prohibition the warmest blessing and the kindest words of welcome, overcome with joy I fainted, from the variety of overwhelming emotions.

"The moment of recovered sense was, alas! painful as well as sweet: for though Delaval's countenance expressed nothing but gladness, I saw that my swoon had alarmed my father, and that he feared I had taken the infection.

"'I have taken no infection but that of happiness,' said I; 'and if you would but be quiet, and go to sleep, I should be quite well; and Delaval will come again to-morrow morning.'

"'No,' cried Brent, 'that is impossible; and you seem so sorry to see the young gentleman, that I am unwilling to tell you I let him come only on condition that he was not to go away again.'

"'Oh! but he may catch the fever, and die!' I exclaimed.

"'Why so, miss? You have not caught it; and now you have purified and fumigated the house, and it is quite another thing.'

"Still I was alarmed; but I could do nothing but submit: and remembering there was a room with a feather bed in it on the very top of the house, I prevailed on Delaval to try to sleep there, as he had travelled night and day since my express overtook him on the road, and showed him my unsealed letter to the governess, which he ventured to read: instantly turning his horses' heads to London, he came, resolved to share my perils, and to live or die with me.

"Alas! it was difficult for us to defer till morning the numerous inquiries and all the various interesting communications which we had to give and receive: but consideration for my father enjoined the separation; and I believe previous fatigue, and the exhaustion of strong emotion, were able to counteract even the wakefulness and restlessness of joy.

"I however kept myself awake till I had given my father his second medicine, and day began to dawn; then to oblige him, and remove his anxious fears, I threw myself on my mattress, and slept soundly for an hour or two. When I awoke, it was now for the first time, I may say for years, that I awoke to joyful anticipation, and to the certain expectation of gazing on the two beings whom I loved best in the world, and at the same time too.

"But this enjoyment was counteracted

in a most painful but perhaps most salutary manner, and my feelings subdued again into a more wholesome and quiet tone, by the severe return of illness to my poor father. He had been too much weakened to bear unhurt the succession of all the most powerful passions in turn operating on his debilitated frame; and for some days fever of the low kind, as fatal often as the plague itself, wore him down to the very verge of the grave; and I might myself have sunk under the fatigue and anxiety of nursing, had not my task been shared by Delaval, and my anxiety soothed by his presence and his care.

"Delaval's history of himself was this: His fellow prisoner, an Englishman, had died in prison; and he had bribed his jailor to say he himself had died, and then in time he bribed him to let him escape.

"We now seriously began to think of

removing, and removing, by Delaval's advice, to another country; as those wicked people had certainly made my father a suspected character, and it was therefore better that we should return to France and to Provence, where Delaval still possessed a very delightful abode.

"My father approved of the plan; and the more so, as he said, 'because his estate, his paternal estate, had now passed into other hands, and he should hate to remain in England to see it enjoyed by another.'

"'My dear sir,' said Delaval, on hearing this, 'if that be your only objection to remain here, remain by all means; for your estate is not, I hope I may say, gone out of the family, as I am the fortunate purchaser of it. I deposited the money for it, in case it was sold, before I went abroad, and I hold

it now only as steward for you, or for your daughter.'

"I never yet saw my father so affected: but he could only press Delaval's hand in his,—speak he could not, nor was it at all necessary,—for, joining my hand to Delaval's, he pressed them both together in his, and we required nothing more.

"To be brief. It was resolved that we should remove from London, and get to the coast as soon as we could. But the watchman advised that we should go in disguise, to escape troublesome examinations and interruptions; and he agreed to procure disguises for Delaval and me. For my father I had the coat and other things of poor old Mansel, which were for a gentleman, disguise sufficient.

"At ten that night our faithful and assiduous friend furnished us not only with the disguises necessary, but also with the means of removal: and having pro-

cured a sort of farmer's covered cart and a stout horse, he stationed them in a little lane at the end of our garden; and at midnight we prepared to leave the scene of danger and of death. I mut say that we parted from our humble friend with an earnest wish to meet again; and as Delaval had the power to show our gratitude more strongly than by words, he settled on him such an annuity as would secure to him and his aged parent, to whom he was tenderly attached, every comfort that they required. 'And if,' we added, 'on her death, you wish to see us again, and will come and live with us abroad, we will find employment for you, and give you a home; and through the person who pays you your annuity you can always hear of us, and send to us.'

"The good Brent was all thankfulness, and we parted.

"Behold us now, at midnight, in the disguise of peasants, and in a farmer's cart, turning our backs on London and its noxious vapours. But whatever was our anxiety to get away from it and from England, we could not think of going to the coast without visiting the poor old butler; and we directed our horses' heads to the insulated inn, not being quite sure whether we should gain admittance. But as the landlord was a rational man, and we assured him our house had been washed and fumigated, and our linen changed again and again, since the plague had attacked the house and my father, he admitted us to what was, we found, the death-bed of poor Mansel. But never can I forget the life and joy which beamed in his fast-closing eyes, when he beheld my father, followed by Delaval and myself, approach his bedside, and heard my father exclaim, pressing me fondly to him as he spoke,—'Mansel, this crea-

ture came just in time, and she saved my life!'

"'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!' cried the old man, gazing with an expression of calm thankfulness on my father.

"'See, Mansel,' said I, 'see! my father has your coat and linen on; and it has been so useful to us!'

"A flush of pride, mixed probably with a less pleasant emotion—the consciouness of my father's past and present peril, and a feeling of almost feudal reverence, which made him deem it a sort of degradation to his master to wear his coat—now crimsoned over his wan countenance. But an expression of thankfulness was still the predominant one; and again he thanked God audibly. That was the last effort of expiring nature: he now tried to grasp my father's hand and mine to his fast-heaving bosom, and for a minute or two we felt his heart beat

against our united fingers; but in another instant it ceased to beat,—and a glance at his changed features showed us that all was over.

"It was with difficulty we got my father away from the body; nor would he stir till he had closed the old man's eyes.

"My father had suffered so much from the treachery of those whom he loved and trusted, that he clung, fondly clung, to the faithful amongst the faithless—and such had Mansel been to him. And when on opening the old man's will, which he had intrusted to the landlord, it was found that he had left (as he had no near relations) all his little earnings to my father, it was with the greatest difficulty that we could prevail on him not to stay and attend the funeral himself. But after the strictest charge to have it conducted in the most respectable manner possible, we induced him to set off. In-

deed delay was dangerous; for a person, sent by our friend Brent, came to us to say that one of the agents of the government had come to inquire if Mr. Falkland was alive or dead; and finding on examining the neighbours that there was reason to think he was alive and well, and had got away in the night, he had declared a search warrant would soon be sent after him.

"Accordingly we travelled all the next night, still retaining our cart and our disguises. To be brief. We at length reached the coast of Yarmouth in safety; and after a prosperous voyage we landed at Rotterdam, whence we proceeded to Paris: and having seen every thing worth seeing there and on the road, travelling or resting as best suited my father's varying strength, we found ourselves at length again in Provence.

"Gladly indeed did Delaval and I hail once more the beloved banks of the Du-

rance; and that cradle of our loves became the scene of our wedded happiness. With what heartfelt delight did Delaval and I renew at the tomb of my mother, those vows of eternal love which we exchanged there so many years ago, and which so many disasters since had threatened to render vain! But we met there once more, with our affection cemented still stronger by time and trials:—and now we met to part no more.

"But the scenes which recollection so much endeared to us, it rendered nearly intolerable to my father; and the house and the garden adjoining Delaval's, which he quitted in 1660 with such regret, because he had inhabited them with my mother, and that they breathed of her, were now become odious in his sight; since he considered himself as having insulted her revered memory by giving her so unworthy a successor: nor could he ever prevail on himself to visit her tomb,

once the object of his daily tribute of flowers.

"In short, it was so evident to us that our present abode had a pernicious effect on my father's health and spirits, that we resolved to abandon it: and not many months after our marriage we hired a very fine house near Marseilles, which commanded a view of the bay and the port;—a view which in beauty perhaps the world cannot parallel; and thither we removed.

"My father consented to continue with us as *our boarder*—but on no other terms. And the legacy of Mansel, the sale of his town-house (when the plague ceased), and the wreck of his property after his debts were paid, gave him at last a comfortable income again.

"Let us now look back to the foreigners.

"Madame du Vernis reached Paris in safety, and joined her husband there.

He received her kindly, because she brought money and goods with her; and he therefore forgave her the way in which she had acquired them; but he did not forget it,—and her life was more wretched with him than ever. At length misery brought on disease; and fearing it was an infectious one, her husband left her as she had left my father; and she died, poor unhappy woman! without a friend to smooth her dying pillow, or a relative to close her eyes.

"Adrienne's fate was a happier one. She had married into a respectable and domestic family, and had a kind husband; and the maternal tie excited in her young heart a sense of duty and of happiness which her pernicious education had hitherto counteracted; and I have always heard good accounts of her, both as a mother and a wife.

"Mérinville—the ruffian, profligate, and disgraced Mérinville—after strug-

gling for months between life and death in disease, the consequence of his wound, was so deeply awakened to a sense of his past wickedness, especially of that which had plunged him in his state of suffering, that he made a full confession of all his guilt to his compassionate host; and owned to him, that, seeing his accomplices take flight in alarm, he concluded that my father, armed with the pistols, was behind them, and not that they ran away because they fancied they had seen a spectre; but that as soon as he found his error, he returned, resolved to murder whosoever opposed his designs.

"Whether it was that his body was healed by the relief afforded to his mind by confession, I know not; but he certainly, as I have heard, recovered from that time: and when able to be removed, he rewarded the surgeon handsomely by some remittances which his sister had the justice to send him out of her evil gains;

and then he returned to France: where going from utter scepticism to the extreme of fanaticism, (a very common case,) he took the vows in the order of La Trappe; and his health, never firmly re-established, soon sunk under the rigid discipline of the order; and his death—as she really was tenderly attached to him—put a finishing stroke to the earthly hopes of the wretched Angelique, who did not long survive him; and whose end, I fear, had not the consolations of his.

"But to return to happier scenes and happier persons—ourselves and my father.

"Our residence at Marseilles was a succession of happy years. Delaval and I saw our youth renewed in three lovely children....But I forgot—I am writing to them. Yet why should I hesitate to give them the meed that they so well deserve? why hesitate to say, that from infancy to childhood, from childhood

up to youth, and now as virtuous wives and tender mothers, my daughters have ever been sources of pride and pleasure to me? and that my son treads in the steps of his ever-admirable father? Yes, twenty years of our residence at Marseilles was uninterrupted enjoyment; and therefore to describe it would be impossible. The gilded vessel with every sail unfurled, that, catching the sunbeams and the western breeze, glides down the smooth surface of the summer sea, charms the sight as it passes, and still shines brightly to the memory when it has vanished; but still it leaves no trace behind it to mark that it has been.

"And thus is it with days passed in uniform contentment—one day resembled another in its flight, as each undulating motion of the white-sailed vessel resembled the other on the bright and buoyant wave. But to describe them were as impossible as tedious.

"However, as soon as the edict of Nantz was revoked, my father, who had with difficulty tolerated living under a complete despotism, became outrageous in his expressions of discontent; and was, I own, justly loud in his censures of that weak monarch, most falsely called the *Great*; who, when no longer able to lead a life of notorious profligacy, *reformed* (as he called it), married a subject, and became a narrow-minded, cruel, and persecuting bigot. But it was a comfort to me to know that my father, when angry, always spoke his own native language, which luckily no one around us understood.

"It was now that what has been happily called *la mission bottée*, or the booted mission, took place; and that dragoons were sent as missionaries to convert the poor Hugonots, and frighten people into conversion, they knew not why. You may suppose my father was tolerably eloquent on this subject: and had there

not been at this time a prospect for him of returning to England not only in safety but with triumph,—of returning to what my father called *regenerated* England,—his restlessness and dissatisfaction would have clouded over the sunshine of our days. But in 1688 the Prince of Orange landed in Torbay; and in 1689 he and the princess his wife were declared king and queen of England, by the names of 'William and Mary.'

"Never shall I lose sight of the image of my father when he first heard of the abdication of James Stuart, (as he called him,) and of this glorious event. He had a silk nightcap on—his usual morning costume; and he threw his cap up in the air, and shouted with a shout of ecstasy.

"Delaval and a loyal Provençale marquis were walking in our garden at this moment; and seeing the action from the window, they both thought my father

was seized with a sudden fit of phrensy; and the former hastening full speed to the house, did not feel his fears diminished when my bald-headed father clasped him to his bosom in a rapturous embrace. Luckily, however, my father explained the cause of his delight before the old marquis could arrive; and Delaval begged my father to let him explain an appearance so singular. He did so, by telling the marquis it was the astonishing news from England that had so agitated my father: and when he heard what it was, the loyal old man concluded that indignant grief and not joy had thrown *le pauvre* Monsieur Falkland into a phrensy; and he had the most entire pity and sympathy for his feelings; while I, seeing that, if my father staid a moment longer, he would burst into some violent expressions which would make him an object of aversion and suspicion while we staid, hurried him, on

pretence of his requiring quiet and silence, into the next room.

"That evening and the next day innumerable were the inquiries made after us and our father—that loyal and respectable subject of *le bon roi Jâques*; and it was with great satisfaction that I saw the carriages drive round, which were to convey us from the land of bigotry and despotism to the land of my birth, and now the land of freedom, safety, and toleration. For during our twenty-four years residence abroad, Delaval and I had resumed our polemical studies; and from mature conviction had resolved to abjure the errors of the Church of Rome as soon as we reached London: nor could we help rejoicing still more at this decision of our consciences, when we received the intelligence, just before we set off, that the last relation who stood between Delaval and an earldom in his family was now

dead, and that he would return to England Earl of Seaton and Baron Delaval.

"At length the morning of our departure arrived: and though overjoyed at the idea of returning to England (especially as the thought seemed to restore my beloved father to all the vigour of youth), I felt considerable pain at leaving the scene of so many years of perfect happiness.

"It would be impossible for me to describe my own or Delaval's feelings when we again saw the white cliffs of Albion! To describe my father's, therefore, may well be an impossible task. He who had left his country, impoverished and ill, a proscribed man, and in danger of losing his liberty, was now returning healthy, rich, and happy,—and come to abide in a land of freedom and of safety! His daughter too—his only child—coming with her husband to present herself and children at the court of her sovereigns, foremost amongst the nobles of the land!

"I am sure, as the carriages whirled us along the road to London, my father forgot he was on the verge of eighty; and felt as young and vigorous as when (but for the earnest and agonized entreaties of my mother, then on the point of being confined) he wanted to follow Colonel Hampden to the field.

"He was never tired of looking out of the window, and he fancied that already the people looked happier; and scarcely could he help nodding to them as he passed, and audibly wishing them joy. Once or twice we heard shouting in the street; and it was well it was dark, for my father would shout too with his head out of the window, though he could not know why.

"Oh! sweet is the intoxication, sweet the folly of happiness! and we had all of us purchased such joy as this in England by many a bitter pang.

"The good old Brent too, who, I for-

got to say, joined us in Provence on the death of his mother, and became our house-steward, was now in our train, and enjoyed the idea of breathing his last in his own country.

"You know already that the picture of me, with a red cross on my neck, which was inserted by my father's express command, in memorial of the scenes of the plague, was painted at Marseilles, by a celebrated French artist, at my father's express desire; and that the small whole-length of me with my lantern first accosting Brent, with a street and dead bodies in the back-ground, was also executed by him, for my too grateful parent, who loved to recall and perpetuate what he termed the triumph of filial love. Brent as well as himself and Delaval were painted at the same time;—and this narrative will, I trust, be no uninteresting *explanation of these pictures.*

"You will readily remember that we

were not slow in presenting ourselves in the royal circle at Whitehall: nor can you have forgotten how graciously we were received. Nor can I forget, and you, my children, as you are now mothers yourselves, will readily enter into, the joy I felt at hearing not only that the Lady Adelaide and the Lady Mary Delaval were amongst the most beautiful of the young ladies at court—for that was no merit of their own; but that the queen as well as others remarked that their manners and their dress, both for elegance and modesty, were a pattern to other young ladies; and proved not only their taste and understanding, but their nice sense of propriety.

"You may remember also, that on the second day of my appearance at court, the queen, who had heard my story from a partial friend of ours, complimented me on my *filial piety*—a compliment which, from *her* lips, surprised

me; as I thought *that* a virtue which the daughter of the dethroned king, and the wife of the reigning one, was not supposed to hold in high estimation.

"It was however a great joy to me that my father did at last recollect he was no longer young, and wished to leave London; for I sighed for the quiet of the country: therefore, when Delaval (after we had both abjured the Catholic religion) had taken the oaths and his seat, and could be spared from his duties in parliament, we retired to his noble mansion in the north, meaning to reside chiefly there during the remainder of our lives; but not before (by my beloved lord's desire) Kneller had painted that whole-length of me which shows me, O how unlike the former pictures! fat and blooming with health and happiness.

"And I was indeed happy then;—nay, I am happy still. Heaven still spares to me my father in green old age; and his

great grand-children are ever welcome playmates round his knee.

"It is, you know, at his desire that I have written this narrative, without leaving out any relation or any remark that bears hard in any way on him. 'I know, Adèle,' said he, 'you will set down nought in malice; but I insist on it that you shall nothing extenuate*;' and I have scrupulously obeyed him.

"I must notice *one* instance of consistency of feeling and principle in my father:—whatever were his political prejudices and his party spirit, he never let either conquer his sense of justice and his abhorrence of injustice. When he heard of the massacre at Glenco,—and found that if the king knew nothing of it, he had certainly omitted to take the proper steps to prevent the possibility of its taking place,—he declared he never would go to court again. For though he admired the principle on which Wil-

liam had been elected, and believed the *monarch* a constitutional one, he never could like the *man* after that bloody business, and therefore would not pay him any mark of private respect.

"My beloved lord tried to reason with him on this subject, and to convince him that the whole fault rested with Lord Stair and Lord Breadalbane;—but he would not listen to him. He said that a king who did his duty should see narrowly into the details of every transaction likely to involve the shedding of human blood, and the *fellow* ought to have taken care to employ conscientious and humane men.

"When I heard my father again speaking of kings without their titles, and by irreverend designations, I knew all arguing was vain; and that King William was irrevocably deposed from his good opinion.

"I have nothing more to add; except an assurance that every breath I breathe

is one of thankfulness for blessings so vast, and, I may add, so undeserved. Yet let me draw one moral from my tale myself, as a warning, an example, and an encouragement to others, That to perform one's duty, at whatever risk and sacrifice to oneself, is always the safest, and even in this world is usually the happiest path; and that powerless to destroy—however they may threaten—beat the waves of woe against the endangered feet of those, who firmly and closely cling unto the Rock of Ages."

When I had finished the manuscript, my host, looking in, asked me if I should not now like to see the picture which he promised to show me; and throwing open the doors of what he called his best drawing-room, I beheld the picture by Kneller, mentioned above; and saw this interesting woman at full-length, in the ermined robes of a countess, which gracefully hung over a rich white satin gown;

and on the table by her side was her coronet.

This picture, Kneller's master-piece I think, did indeed exhibit her sweet countenance in the perfection of happiness; with every finger dimpled, and her fine-formed throat and shoulders, round, and indicative of health, as well as beauty. While I gazed on her, I could not believe that she was then at the advanced age of seven-and-forty. But so it was; and I could not but exclaim, "What a preservative is happiness! There is no cosmetic like it." And I must own that when I looked at this lady, and saw from her speaking face such a thorough conviction that she felt as happy as she professed to be—the pleasing consciousness that she had at length met with her deserts, forced into my eyes as I gazed on her, no unpleasing tears.

My host now claimed my promise, and altering all the names of the parties, I have given the manuscript to the world;

sure that it will excite friendly sympathy in some, and be received, I trust, with indulgence at least from all.

I have said as little as I well could do on politics, in a narrative of times so full of political tumults and interests; but not to allude to them at all, would have indicated as little observation, and as much callousness of feeling, in the writer, as that voyager would exhibit, who, while sailing down a wide and rapid river, should take no notice, and make no mention in his journal, of the rocks and mountains by which the river was bounded, the shallows or the rapids which occasionally obstructed his passage, and the trees and flowers that shaded and ornamented its banks.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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